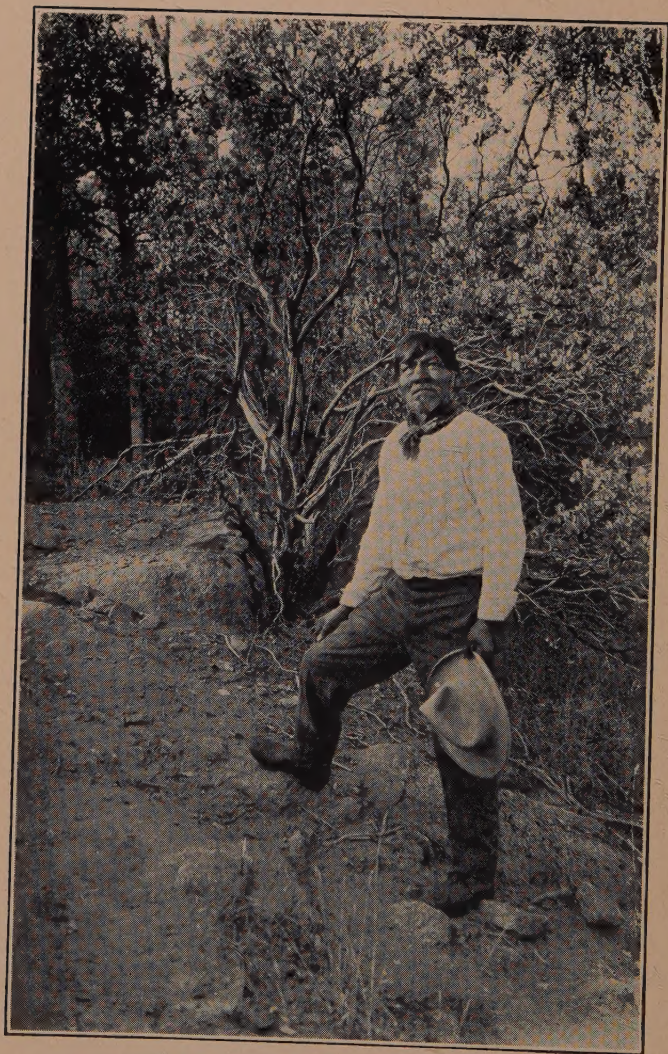




Waif of the Sierras—the Mono.

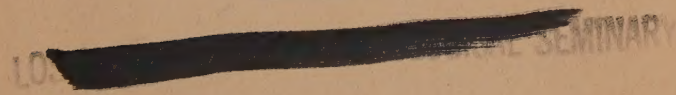
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BY-PATHS TO FORGOTTEN FOLKS

STORIES OF REAL LIFE IN BAPTIST
HOME MISSION FIELDS

By COE HAYNE

Author of "Old Trails and New"



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To
E. M. H.

FOREWORD

Our Christian civilization has moved westward over the paths worn by the pioneers of the Cross. These pioneers followed the old Indian trails which led through deserts and over mountain fastnesses. They threaded their way through tangled woods and mountain snows. They made the forests their cathedrals, and their burning messages were set to the music of rushing waterfalls. They believed that in time "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." The trails they followed have since become royal highways dotted with meeting-houses and schools and Christian homes.

In "By-Paths to Forgotten Folks" is a series of journeys to these ancient peoples, journeys full of thrilling interest. The earlier services and sacrifices of John M. Peck and his followers are fully rewarded; we see the Christian villages and homes of the Mono, the Hopi, and the Navajo.

It is given us to see clearly the work of the frontier missionary pastor with all his problems, his perils, and his consecrations. These records of his labors in remote communities make you wish to help him in his great task.

Foreword

There are no words to describe accurately the heroisms of faith which were the intangible weapons by which our earlier missionaries waged their successful conquests of the Cross. Nor are there words that can tell completely the story of these later missionaries who daily tread the "By-Paths to Forgotten Folks." These modern acts of the apostles form another chapter in the book of faith.

We are invited to journey into the Latin-American country, where great opportunities now are open to write the principles of religious liberty into the life of people long denied the gospel.

Here also are stories of the new Americans, sometimes nearly lost in the city deserts. Christian Americanization is a worthy theme which the author does not neglect, and he leads us through these byways to the great hosts of forgotten folks who need the ministering agencies of the Christian church.

The author has a tender and an exquisite appreciation of the peoples about whom he writes, and in this series of stories has enriched our knowledge, and quickened our faith in the power of the Gospel. He succeeds first in focusing our attention, then in illuminating the thing he asks us to see.

The fields represented are those of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, the American

Foreword

Baptist Publication Society, the State Conventions, and the City Mission Societies.

The Department of Missionary Education recommends "By-Paths to Forgotten Folks" for supplementary reading and study in connection with the new book, "From Survey to Service," which is the adult Home Mission study-book for 1921-22. "By-Paths to Forgotten Folks" is also listed in the National Missionary Reading Contests. It furnishes a wealth of Baptist Home Mission material for use in study classes, program meetings, and fireside reading. We commend these stories to all our Baptist people, for the light they throw on our great Home Mission enterprise.

WILLIAM A. HILL,
Secretary of Missionary Education.

JULY 15, 1921.

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I

SUNSET INDIAN MISSIONS

I

LAST OF THE YOSEMITES

TENAYA, chief of the Yosemite, looked upon his beloved valley that no white man had seen, and resolved to disobey the "Great Father" in Washington.

The year was 1851. Upon a remote frontier one of the most disgraceful of all human hunts had begun. The Indian tribes east of the San Joaquin and Tulare valleys, from the Tuolumne River to the Tejon Pass, had been ordered to come down from their mountain retreats and make treaties with the three commissioners who had been sent to California from Washington and were then in camp on the Fresno River. Most of the chiefs or "captains" of the bands in the immediate vicinity of the commissioners' headquarters had complied with the general message, but others, whose rancherias were located farther up in the Sierras, refused to come in. Among them was Tenaya, who was reared a Mono but in early manhood became a chief of the Yosemite, a band made up of refugees from the Mono and Paiute tribes. His home was in Ahwah-nee, now the Yosemite valley. His life-story, his exploits and adventures are a part of the traditional lore of the people with whom our missionaries daily are making helpful contacts. To know

how his people and the neighboring bands lived and to what extremities they were driven by relentless white aggression, is to gain a better idea of the conditions in which the bearers of the Glad News found the Indians of Fresno and Madera Counties when they went to this neglected people twelve years ago.¹

¹It is not necessary to read more than one authentic history of California before the discovery is made that the Indians fared no better under the rule of Spain and Mexico than during the persecutions begun in the early fifties. The padres in the voluminous reports of their achievements did not record all that took place during their *conquistas* or convert hunts. We have the story of one of these raids upon the mountain Indians in the narrative of Captain F. W. Beechey, R. N., commander of the English ship *Blossom*, who visited California in 1828. While in California he visited several missions, and after he returned to England recounted his experiences and observations.

The neophytes of the Mission San José, related Captain Beechey, made an unsuccessful raid upon a tribe named Cosumnes, occupying territory in the San Joaquin Valley not a great distance from some of the Indian mission stations now maintained by our Home Mission Boards. Thirty-four of the raiders never returned to the mission. The party was overpowered by numbers and was obliged to seek safety in flight, leaving a cannon in the woods.

"The padre was greatly displeased at the result of the excursion," stated Captain Beechey. "He joined with his converted Indians in a determination to chastise and strike terror into the victorious tribe and, in concert with the governor, planned an expedition against them. The mission furnished money, arms, Indians, and horses, and the presidio troops, headed by Alferez Sanches, a veteran, who had been frequently engaged with the Indians and was acquainted with that part of the country. The expedition set out November 19, (1828), and we heard nothing of it until the twenty-seventh. But two days after the troops had taken to the field some immense columns of smoke rising above the mountains in the direction of the Cosumnes bespoke the conflagration of the village of the persecuted gentiles; and on the day above mentioned, the veteran Sanches made a triumphant entry into the Mission of San José, escorting forty miserable women and children. The gun which had been lost in the first battle was retaken and other trophies captured.

"This victory, so glorious according to the ideas of the conquerors, was achieved with the loss of only one man . . . but on the part of the enemy it was considerable, as Sanches the morning after the battle counted forty-one men, women, and children dead. . .

"The prisoners they had captured were immediately enrolled in the list of the mission, except a nice little boy whose mother was shot while running away with him in her arms, and he was sent to the presidio and, as I heard, given to the Alferez as a reward for his services. The poor little orphan had received a slight wound in his forehead; he wept bitterly at first and refused to eat, but in time he became reconciled."

The Mono Indians at the Baptist Mission stations have their traditions concerning the kidnappers from missions and pueblos. They relate stories of the visits of the Spanish friars who, along the San Joaquin, conducted convert hunts, baptized great numbers, and then left them in their pagan wretchedness.

There had been many serious depredations committed by Indians as well as white men. As the latter were eager to acquire the choicest sections of land they found the Indians in their way. The Indians, on the other hand, looked upon the whites as uncompromising invaders who sought to dispossess them of their homes.

The commissioners appointed by the President of the United States to act for the best in conciliating the Indians of the San Joaquin Valley, did not hesitate to publish their convictions as to the cause of the many disturbances. During the winter of 1851, while the State troops under Major Savage were held in leash to await the issue, an investigation was made by these agents of the Government who came to the conclusion that the miners and settlers simply had reached out for what they wanted and that the Indians had resisted the encroachments to the best of their ability. While the commissioners denounced the Indians for the murders and robberies committed by them, they explained their hostility on the ground that the Indians looked upon the whites as trespassers upon their territory. It was intimated that traditionally fresh in their minds, also, were the cruelties of the Spanish invaders of Mexico and California in their abortive attempts to civilize and Christianize the Indians.

The "Mariposa Battalion," consisting of two hundred mounted men, at that time camped on the South Fork of the Merced, and organized by the governor to keep in subjection the Indian tribes, was placed under the direction of the United States

commissioners as soon as the latter arrived in the disputed territory. The battalion has been described as a body of hardy, resolute pioneers, many of whom had seen Indian service and had fought their way against the savages across the plains; some had served in the war with Mexico, and nearly all had been under military discipline of one kind or another. The commander was Major James D. Savage, one of the most enterprising and daring Indian traders of gold-digging days.

Assurances sent to all the tribes, that, if the Indians would come in and make terms with the commissioners, they would be given food and clothing and guaranteed protection on the reservations allotted them, combined with threats that should they refuse to surrender, war would be made upon them, until all were destroyed, seemingly had no effect upon the obdurate Tenaya. Finally a special envoy was sent to him with the result that soon afterward the old chief walked alone to the white man's camp and solemnly inquired of Major Savage why all the Indians must be herded upon the plains of the San Joaquin Valley.

"My people do not want anything from the 'Great Father,'" he declared. "The Great Spirit is our father, and has always supplied us with all we need. We do not want anything from white men. Our women are able to work. Go, then; let us remain in the mountains where we were born; where the ashes of our fathers have been given to the winds. I have said enough."

Major Savage firmly insisted that the Yosemite

should go to the commissioners, and Tenaya finally promised that if allowed to return to his people he would bring them back. Accordingly the old Ah-wah-na-chee-Mono-Yosemite was allowed to depart.

Returning to the military headquarters the next day Tenaya reported that his band was on its way and soon would be in camp. When a full day passed without the appearance of the hold-outs, the old chief explained, with many gestures, how steep was the trail leading out of the valley and how deep the snow that lay upon the divide. Still another day went by and the Yosemitees did not come. Major Savage then announced his intention to go to the village of the Yosemitees, and, if he could not find Tenaya's band there, to follow the Indians to their hiding-places.

Tenaya clearly betrayed his concern. He represented the valley as such a dangerous locality in the winter that should the soldiers go down there with their horses, they never would be able to get them out. His description of the "deep valley" which no white man had seen, served only to fire the minds of the hardy pioneers with a great desire to visit it. The more explanations the old chief made as to the impossibility of making the trip, the more determined became Major Savage to attempt it. A call was made for volunteers, and every man in the two companies stepped forward. As it was necessary to leave a large detail of camp guards, one of the captains proposed a foot-race as the best method of determining the personnel of the invad-

ing force. So anxious were some of the pioneers to explore the mysterious valley that they ran barefooted in the snow.

After an early breakfast the following morning, the order was given to fall in, and the ascent to the top of the divide between the South Fork and the main branch of the Merced River was begun, Major Savage leading with Tenaya as his unwilling guide. The snow packed readily, and good time was made by the column.

When half-way to Yosemite Valley (as yet unknown and unnamed except by Indians) the volunteers met seventy-two Yosemitees. The major counted them as they filed past, and when he questioned Tenaya as to where the others of his band could be found, the old chief replied:

"This is all of my people that are willing to go with me to the plains. Many that have been with me are from other tribes. They have taken wives from my band; all have gone with their wives and children to the Tuolumne River and the Mono rancherias."

From the band Major Savage chose a young Indian as guide, dismissed Tenaya, and declared that he would go on to the valley to ascertain the location of the village and the hiding-places of those who had remained behind. This decision was met with the unanimous approval of his men.

"You may return to camp with your people," the major told Tenaya, "and I will take one of your young men with me. There are but few of your people here. Your tribe is large. I am going

to your village to see your people, who will not come with you. They will come with me if I find them."

When the young Indian, selected as the new guide, went to the head of the column, it was seen that Tenaya was shaken by an emotion he could not hide.

"I will go with my people; my young man shall go with you to my village. You will not find my people there. I do not know where they are. My tribe is small—not large as the white chief has said. Those of the Paiute and Mono tribes have gone back to their homes. I have talked with my people and told them that I was going to see the white chiefs sent to make peace. I was told that I was growing old, and it was well that I should go, but that young and strong men can find plenty to eat in the mountains; therefore why should they go to be corralled like horses and cattle? My heart has been sore since that talk, but I am now willing to go, for it is best for my people that I do so."

The column passed on and left him. As he stood there by himself, for his band had continued the march westward toward the San Joaquin Valley, he presented a figure of utter dejection and loneliness, exemplifying in his own person the woes that had come to his race from the beginning of white aggression until this hour of his downfall. He had made a pathetic speech. There lay back of it the despair of one who saw all his cherished hopes completely shattered. His spirit broke when he saw the soldiers ride eastward. White horsemen

were about to enter his beloved valley, Ah-wah-nee, and his fears told him that the prophecy of an old Ah-wah-ne-chee medicine-man was about to have its fulfilment. This old soothsayer, who had been a great friend of Tenaya's father, had said that should white horsemen invade the hidden valley, Tenaya would be the last chief of the Ah-wah-ne-chees (Yosemites) and that his tribe would be scattered and destroyed, but as long as Tenaya defended the valley from the encroachments of white men and admitted to his tribe all who chose to come to him, the Valley of Refuge would be a place of peace and happiness.

That the brisk "Forward march!" of Major Savage spelled annihilation for the Yosemites events amply proved. Over the partly broken trail the horsemen traveled rapidly and at sundown came into full view of the valley. On this wintry day Yosemite indeed was discovered, but that the event was intimately associated with a determined campaign on the part of white men to dislodge the Indians from their mountain retreats added a somber touch to the achievement. It is recorded that Major Savage and most of his men did not seem to be conscious of the significance of the discovery and made rather light of one man's serious attempt to give the valley a name. This soldier who, thirty years afterward, wrote an account of the expedition, proposed that the tremendous country be named Yosemite (meaning grizzly bear) after Tenaya's band, the members of which were known to other tribes as the "Grizzlies."

About the camp-fire at the close of that first day, March 21, 1851, with much laughter and joking, the soldiers adopted the name. The man who suggested this name and to whom the nation is indebted for his record of the events connected with the discovery of Yosemite Valley, was Dr. L. H. Bunnell, of San Francisco.

When the column reached a point where a full view of El Capitan was possible, the face of the great cliff was shadowed by the declining sun.

"None but those who have visited this most wonderful valley," wrote Doctor Bunnell, "can ever imagine the feelings with which I looked upon the view that was there presented. The grandeur of the scene was softened by the haze that hung over the valley, light as gossamer, and by the clouds which partially dimmed the higher cliffs and mountains. This obscurity of vision but increased the awe with which I beheld it, and, as I looked, a peculiar, exalted sensation seemed to fill my whole being, and I found my eyes in tears with emotion."

A short distance above the Cathedral Rocks, a small rancharia was discovered, but the huts were unoccupied. The invaders found other huts but no Indians. Lack of food and of a knowledge of the trails and passes soon drove Major Savage to the conclusion that it would be impossible on this expedition to ferret out the members of Tenaya's band, who undoubtedly were hidden in the cliffs and among the rocky gorges and passes. As a war policy, the order was given to destroy the huts and stores of the Indians and thereby reduce them to

such straits that they would be compelled to come in and join the other Indians on the reservation.

The caches discovered were chiefly acorns, the principal source of diet of the Indians of the Sierra Nevadas at that time and used extensively by all the tribes today. It was estimated that, upon this occasion, from four to six hundred bushels of acorns were destroyed. In addition to acorns were found quantities of piñon nuts, chinkapin nuts, grass seeds, wild rye or oats (scorched), dried worms, scorched grasshoppers, and the dried larvæ of various insects. The supplies of furniture were very scanty with the exception of baskets, some of which were of extraordinary workmanship and beauty.

Tenaya and his band escaped from the guard detailed to bring them to the commissioners' camp. Even with their huts and villages burned and their supplies destroyed, they chose to suffer cold and hunger rather than be deprived of their liberty. Fleeing to the cañons of the Tuolumne, they felt secure in their retreat, hoping to live through until the snow melted, when they could go to the Mono tribe and find an abiding-place.

The second expedition to dislodge the Yosemitees was marked by a tragedy forever associated with the three rocky peaks in Yosemite Valley called "Three Brothers," so named because three sons of Chief Tenaya were made prisoners near them. The youngest son, soon after his capture, was wantonly murdered by his guard, who tied this Indian and one of his brothers to a tree in such a way as to

tempt them to untie each other and try to escape. When Tenaya was brought into camp as a captive and saw the body of his son stretched upon the ground where the boy had been dropped by the white man's bullet, he halted for a moment, a slight quivering of the lips alone betraying his emotion. Then he raised his head and cast his eyes over the camp as if in search of the body of the other son, the fellow captive of the one whose body lay dead before him. Not a sound issued from his tightly closed lips. Passively, silently, he accompanied his captors to their camp on the south side of the river.

The old chief was treated with extreme kindness with the hope that his sorrow would abate and that he would call in his people. After a time he promised to do this. At night, upon some commanding rise of land, he would call as if to some one a great distance away. Night after night he did this, and then one day his grief which, in his pride, he had endeavored to conceal, completely overcame him. Standing before the commanding officer of the battalion, he cried:

"Kill me, sir captain! Yes, kill me, as you killed my son. You have made me sorrowful, my life dark; you killed the child of my heart, why not kill the father? But wait a little; when I am dead I will call to my people to come to you. . . I will not leave my home, but be with the spirits among the rocks, the waterfalls, in the river, and in the winds."

The aged chief of the Yosemite appeared many years younger during the few minutes his old-time

spirit was reasserting itself, and the soldiers grouped about him could not help but feel a genuine respect for him. But it was the last flicker of a dying flame. The mighty spirit had been broken.

When the white soldiers left the valley with their captives who had been compelled by their hunger to surrender, they passed a lovely little lake where they had camped the night before. They had named the lake "Tenaya" because upon its shores the old chief's people had been found. As Tenaya looked upon the calm beauty of the lake that mirrored the cliffs, the pines, and the shores he had loved so well, his countenance saddened, and he bowed his head to his breast. With the last remnant of his tribe he was taking a farewell view of the matchless valley which had been HOME. On the shores of the lake his people had built their last wigwams. From Ah-wah-nee the Americans were to conduct him to a strip of land somewhere in the San Joaquin Valley which the United States commissioners had set aside for him and his people, and from which it was intended they should never depart.

II

WAIFS OF THE SIERRAS

GROSS mismanagement characterized the administration of the reservations set aside for the Indians of California in 1851. The "campaign with flour," while effective in bringing in the tribes, did not produce permanent good results. High prices were demanded of the Indians for commodities intended for free distribution; choice lots were sold at high rates to the miners; in one instance, it was shown that only two-thirds of a contract for beef actually was delivered to the Indians for whom the Government had purchased it. As the reservations included several mineral belts and cut into valuable agricultural lands coveted by settlers, vigorous protests were sent to Washington, the objectors urging that under the acquisition of California from Mexico the natives had no inherent right to the soil. Congress did not ratify the treaties, and the Indians of great sections of California became homeless waifs. Then followed the rapid advancement of the settlement of the valleys, marked everywhere by an even more revolting treatment of the natives. The land-grabbers, emboldened by Congressional repudiation of the treaties, began to drive the Indians into the barren mountain districts from homesteads which they had occupied for gen-

erations although, in most cases, either because of their ignorance in such matters or because of their position as non-citizens, they held no preemption or title-deeds for the land.

From the spring of 1856 to the close of 1859 the relentless driving of the Indians from their hunting-, fishing-, and fruit-grounds was continued. In most cases the Indians were helpless in the face of the more resourceful opposition. They were not the wards of the United States or of California. They had no one to champion their cause. As the counties could furnish white forces sufficiently powerful to put down any local uprising, no appeals were sent to Washington for assistance as were sent from the more sparsely settled portions of the frontier. Consequently for the California Indian, as a sequel of bad behavior, there was not the fat ration and the protection of the reservation as so frequently was the case when the savage fighters of the plains broke from restraint and went on the war-path.

Until within a dozen years ago there have been remnants of the persecuted Indian tribes of the San Joaquin Valley living in the remote cañons and pockets of the Sierras, like wild creatures of the wilderness. Their food has consisted of acorns, insects, roots, and herbs and such game as they could procure. Their homes have been huts or caves as fortune decreed. With hardly any knowledge of agriculture, and for the most part devoid of land, schools, Christian guidance, or employment, they have been shunned almost completely by the whites,

when not being exploited by unscrupulous traders and bootleggers.

After suffering the loss of everything that made for tribal happiness, the Mono, not an exception among California Indians, became a wanderer in the waste places with nothing to show for his contact with white men except a knowledge of their vices and a craving for their red liquor, handicaps to be added to the evil traits and practises peculiarly tribal in their viciousness and destroying power.

Within the tribes the influence of the medicine-men was supreme and wholly bad. These avaricious charlatans extracted large benefactions for their "fandangos," their cry dances for the dead, and their sorceries for the living. Possessing methods of destroying those who did not subject themselves to their will, or for whose death others were willing to pay the price in money or commodities, the medicine-men held the Indians in their power, through fear, for generation after generation. Not until our missionaries came were the eyes of the Indians opened to the fraud and cunning of these tribal pests. Marriage had no religious significance; it was simply the occasion for the bartering of women for commodities desired by scheming parents.

The demand for laborers in the grape harvest brought a large number of Indians into Clovis during the summer of 1907. They were looked upon as inferior help to be used only when better could not be obtained. So degraded were those Indians

that the majority of them yielded to their craving for whisky after working a few days, the bootlegger and the gambler gathering in their earnings. There were four saloons open in town, and the Indians had no trouble in getting whisky as long as their money held out. Their drunken orgies frequently resulted in bloody frays and the nights were made horrible by the barbarous chants of the participants in the weird gambling-game with sticks known to nearly every Indian tribe in America.

One day a scene that no words can describe took place on one of the business streets of the town. A crowd of white men and boys surrounded a drunken Indian woman and shamelessly made sport of her unfortunate condition. Doubtless few individuals in the crowd thought of the long chain of events that had brought this hapless Indian to the depths of degradation. How much of her misfortune was due to unfavorable contacts which generations of her people had had with the white man's civilization, no one can say. There chanced to pass that way, however, a man who sensed keenly the situation. We rejoice in the privilege of recording here the name of Rev. W. C. Cook, at that time pastor of the First Baptist Church of Clovis, Calif. As he gazed upon that disgraceful spectacle this question stirred his heart, "Can not something be done for these Indians?" As there was no man who could answer the question, there was the sure hope that God could furnish one. The outcome of the minister's prayers was the command from the Father of all races, "Go and do what you can."

Mr. Cook found no rest until he made a move in behalf of the Indians. He received a request from J. W. Sharer to preach to the dozen or more Indian grape-pickers on the latter's ranch. The following Sunday afternoon, he accepted the invitation and although few of his sentences were understood by the Indians, there being no interpreter available, it may be said that the day was epochal. This pastor has related how he looked into the stoical faces of the Indians while he spoke to them and obtained a vision of what should be done for such benighted people. The vision he later translated into these words: "A missionary must come and live among these people and slowly, patiently show them the way to Christ and the true life. There is no short cut. It will take years, perhaps decades, to do this. Only patient toil will get them out of the mire."

Mrs. Mary H. Temple, a benevolent Presbyterian woman of Clovis, at this critical time, arrived independently at the same conclusion. The two conferred and decided to call a meeting of the people of Clovis to discuss the possibility of doing something for the Indians. At this public meeting held in the local Baptist church, October 30, 1907, the Clovis Indian Missionary Society was formed. This later became merged into the Fresno County Indian Association, an organization which was instrumental in getting the Baptist denomination to establish the first station for Mono Indians at Auberry, Fresno County, Calif., with Miss Ida M. Schofield as the first missionary. This was done in

the spring of 1909. Six months later Miss Schofield was joined by Miss Emma C. Christensen. Both were missionaries of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, working under the direction of the Northern California Baptist State Convention.

The following summer, the pastor who had witnessed the pathetic street scene described above, was given an experience which thrilled his soul and gave him a new sense of the power of God to create beauty from man-made wrecks. He said that about dark one day, a Mono Indian came to the parsonage to deliver a message from the missionaries at Auberry. The Indian could not return home that night, and the hospitality of the parsonage was extended. The quiet evening was spent in a one-sided conversation, during which the minister's questions were answered by guttural monosyllables, yet with a smiling countenance. Real fellowship prevailed, the bond of union being their love for the same blessed Jesus, for this Indian was one of several recent converts at Auberry.

It came time to retire; the house became quiet. Then suddenly, out of the stillness, the minister heard a voice, a low, earnest voice, pleading in a strange tongue.

In the adjoining room a Mono was bowed in prayer.

The name of Jesus in the Mono tongue . . . then distinctly the names of Miss Schofield, Miss Christensen . . . the name of the minister in whose home this Mono Indian had been given a bed for the

night . . . a Mono asking God's blessing for his white friends. . .

Up there in the rugged foothills of the Sierras something had taken place during the year that had passed.

III

THE LITTLE MOTHER

THE stage scheduled to climb the mountain road from Friant to Auberry, Calif., one afternoon in the spring of 1909, was late in reaching the rail-end. There were two passengers, both women, at the little terminal station waiting for it.

Miss Ida M. Schofield, the first Baptist missionary appointed to work among the Mono Indians,¹ was making her initial trip into the Sierras. Many times had this little woman gone on long journeys alone. As a missionary among the Indians of Arizona and Oklahoma, her work had taken her to many remote districts on all sorts of mountain and prairie roads and in all kinds of conveyances. She was looking forward with cheerful anticipation to the opening of the work in the new field.

The other prospective stage passenger was a motherly-looking woman who quickly won Miss Schofield's regard by her friendly attentions.

"May I ask where you are going?" asked the Californian.

"I'm going to Auberry," replied the missionary.

"You don't tell me! Now that's where I live. What folks are you going to visit there?"

¹ See table on pages 112 and 113 for statistical material with regard to California Indian Missions.

"I am a missionary sent to work among the Indians."

"But where are you going to live?" The mountain woman's questions were not inspired by mere curiosity. She felt a real concern for the stranger, for she knew that the one boarding-house at Auberry at that time afforded no accommodations for women. "And did you expect to find a hotel at Auberry?"

"I heard of one being there."

"Well, you can't live at it. It will be dark when we get to Auberry, so you'd better come home with me. I don't know where else you can go."

The hospitality thus shown was extended to cover more than one night; after searching three days for a home among the whites, Miss Schofield was obliged to give up the hunt as a fruitless task and prevailed upon Mrs. H., her first acquaintance in the Sierras, to keep her.

"You have a hopeless task cut out for you in these mountains," said a white woman who had refused to accept the missionary as a boarder.

"Why do you say hopeless?" Miss Schofield asked.

"They have no souls. There is no use of your staying among them."

Miss Schofield could not be daunted that way. On the third day after her arrival she inquired at the general store the trail to Rancheria Hill, the nearest Indian settlement. Alone and on foot, she started out in search of Indian homes.

The long, winding trail that led from the end of

the stage line over the divide to the secluded places where the Indians lived in their squalid huts was steep and rough, but it should be named the Glory Trail. Over this byway traveled one bearing the Glad News to a benighted people who had reason to look upon the whites as of no benefit to the Mono. Yet this little woman won their hearts from the first. She could not speak their language, and they understood but a few words of hers, yet there is a language of the heart understood by all races, in all ages, and it was understood by those Mono men, women, and children. Mr. Brendel, who later came as a general missionary to the California Indians, under appointment by the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Northern California Baptist State Convention, gave a fair definition of that language when he said, "They can see it in your eyes."

A quiet, good humor which no hardship or disappointment could extinguish, a smile that was never patronizing, and an abiding faith in Christ—these were the chief elements that made up the personal equipment of this woman who did not hesitate to enter a strange field where there was not a Christian among the Indians and where all were ignorant of Jesus, our Saviour. For material equipment she carried in a hand-bag some photographs of Indians in Arizona and Oklahoma among whom she had labored. The showing of them served as an introduction. In the photographs the Mono Indians saw this strange white woman sitting among other Indians, and they were not slow to



The "Little Mother" brings the Glad News to the Mono.

catch the significance of it. They knew then that she was a friend to all Indians. In the hand-bag were colored pictures bearing on the life of Christ and showing places in Bible lands. There was also Miss Schofield's own Bible.

The first months of the ministry of this missionary to the Mono Indians were stormy ones. Nearly every day during that spring it rained. Frequently she was obliged to jump across streams of water that rushed down the mountainsides. There were many remote trails to follow, for the "Little Mother" (*Utumutse Tabea*), as the Indians soon learned to call her, had taken up her lonely task in earnest and considered no home too distant or inaccessible to visit.

She began by holding all-day meetings in Indian homes and, when it grew warmer, under the trees. The noonday meal was furnished by the family at whose home the meeting was held, with acorn mush as the principal Mono dish, with a generous contribution of bread and coffee by the missionary. From the beginning the attendance at these meetings was large. Sewing classes were conducted in connection with them.

A few weeks after her arrival at the H. ranch Miss Schofield transferred her abode to a rough cabin owned by the same people. For sleeping quarters she used a tent until the December rains began. And in October, six months after she began the work, the Little Mother was cheered by the coming of Miss Emma C. Christensen, a brilliant young woman whose consecration in behalf of the

Mono forms one of the brightest chapters in the history of the religious growth of the Baptist young people of the San Joaquin Valley from whose ranks she came.

In December the two missionaries became the happy possessors of a 14 by 21 tent. And let us not forget to record that the Hopi Indians in Arizona, among whom Miss Schofield had spent four useful years, contributed ten dollars toward its purchase. A few benches and tables comprised its furnishings. The Indians gladly gave consent to its being set up on Rancheria Hill to serve as school-house on week-days and meeting-house on Sundays. Here began the first day-school for the Indians in this remote district.

In the meantime Rev. W. C. Cook and Mr. Kelsey, special Indian agent, discovered a half-section of land in Hudson Basin above Auberry that could be purchased at a low figure. The government, having in mind the needs of these destitute Indians, bought the land and surveyed one hundred acres into five-acre tracts to be allotted to the Indians as home sites. A forty-acre ranch was secured for a mission station, the Baptist young people of the San Joaquin Valley paying for it. Upon this land was an old house and a ramshackle barn.

When there are two to plan and work together tasks are lighter and life is sweeter. To enrich this record of Baptist home missionary achievement, some happy personal accounts of the days which these two women missionaries spent together in the Sierras, are given in the next chapter. To obtain

them the mother of Miss Christensen made a trip one day last winter to a ranch home where a bundle of cherished letters lay at the bottom of a family trunk. To select certain passages from these letters for use here has been a privilege and a joy.

IV

HAND-IN-HAND IN MONOLAND

HER FIRST MONO SERVICE

October 4, 1909.

WE put the bread, coffee, and sugar in sacks for the Indians and then studied awhile. At ten o'clock we started up Rancheria Hill and met our interpreter coming down with a pig which he had sold to one of the white men who tries to gain the best of the Indians every chance he gets. So he is very kind to Miss Schofield. He is anxious to keep on the good side of her; and he is always very pleasant to me. If he thinks he can buy us as cheaply as that he is sorely mistaken. *Miss Schofield will fight for the Indians.*

We met at Mrs. John Wesley's home. She is very nice and is one of the Indians who have professed Christ. She had her house nicely cleaned up. There was an open fireplace where a kettle hung with beans or cow-peas cooking for dinner; also a kettle with water for the coffee we brought.

There were quite a number of women there, and when we entered the room they began grunting, laughing, and talking. They inspected everything that I wore. When they see anything new, they just laugh and laugh and think it all very funny.

Miss Schofield and I were given a seat on one side of the room, and the women with their papooses in their cradles, the men, and the children sat on the floor, except Bill Sherman, our interpreter, and a few others, who sat on benches.

Miss Schofield was very hoarse, so I led the singing. We sang "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know," "Oh, How I Love Jesus," and "Come to Jesus." I prayed, and Miss Schofield read the parable of the seed-sowing. She then gave them a little talk.

Sherman would sit like a statue and listen while Miss Schofield spoke a few sentences. Then she would stop, and he would translate. It's just like talking to a phonograph. He doesn't look at the people at all. He stares straight ahead all the time. We talk it into him, and then he talks it out.

We then sang some more songs and had dinner. They spread an oilcloth on the floor, put some plates around, and dished up the beans and coffee. The bread was cut and put into a big pan set in the middle. They fixed a place for us at a table Miss Schofield had helped John Wesley to build. You should hear her tell of the process. We ate some of their beans too. (Note: That is the way to win the heart of a Mono.)

After all had eaten, the dishes were cleared away and the floor swept. Then we had meeting again. I read the story of the Prodigal Son and talked awhile. It isn't what anybody would call easy to talk through a phonograph in little bits at a time. After singing some more, our meeting was brought to a close.

Miss Schofield is so jolly—

Well, we have been over to Hudson Basin to see the new mission grounds. It is way down deep, with two great hills on either side. There is a spring there. The house has been abandoned so long it looks just awful. Dirty, full of holes, and windowless. The rats and fleas just run the place.

THE FIRST MONO PRAYER

October 11, 1909.

I guess Mrs. H. has decided to let us stay in the cabin on her place. We pay her five dollars a month now. She won't say that it is a permanent arrangement, but Mr. H. has moved the hen-house up to be our wood-shed and has hauled three cords of wood into it for us, so we think they must be expecting us to stay. They are so good to us.

We had a fine meeting yesterday. I led in the morning and Miss Schofield (Mother) in the afternoon. We had a fine dinner. Chicken stew (you didn't have that!), beans, squash, bread, and coffee.

After dinner Mother told them about some of the work for the other tribes, then gave a talk on the call of Abraham.

"Now I think the Christians ought to pray or say a word for Jesus," she said at the close. "Some day you will have a church, and then you will have to talk."

You ought to have seen Sherman's face! It beamed like the sun when Mother said they would have a church. Then what do you think he asked?



A Mono Madonna.

"Must you close your eyes?" Eagerly he sought to do just right.

He sat awhile and then got up and said something. Julia (Mrs. John Wesley) followed; then Sherman's mother, daughter, and wife each said something. We could not understand, but we knew the spirit of God was there. Mother then told Sherman to pray. Some laughed, but he prayed. What wouldn't we have given to have understood it! You should have seen our dear Julia's face. A person can't help loving her. I always feel we ought to call her our Jewel.

A SHIRT EACH FOR JULIA'S BOYS

November 4, 1909.

Yes, I got back to the mission safely. I had a good long wait in Polasky—from eight until half-past twelve—but I read three "Christian Heralds" through and watched a man ride a mad broncho the rest of the time. Mother had supper waiting for me.

Mr. Cook says he can't get us any money for our school, so I guess we will have to buy another tent ourselves in which to hold our meetings, and lumber to make benches and a floor. I will write to Niels (a brother) to come up and help us so we won't have to pay a man for doing the work.

We went to work and fixed up the cabin a little; as the signs are, we will make this our winter quarters. We have curtained off our beds and made some closets for our clothes.

Yesterday we went visiting and sewed a shirt each for Julia's two little boys. She was not at home, but we got her father to unlock her machine for us so that we could sew. He went away and left us with the house, which shows that he trusts us. He was very pleased with the shirts.

"When you come again?" he asked.

"Friday, maybe," said Mother.

"Alrighty, then me gal come back. He here when you come back."

Julia's children are beginning to jabber Indian to us.

AN INDIAN'S EYES ARE OPENED

November 19, 1909.

Sherman has come home from the convention in Oakland. And happy! His eyes have been opened. He has discovered that not all whites are bad. He is going to be our back-bone. He will put up the meeting tent on Rancheria Hill.

THE FIRST GOSPEL MEETING FOR THE SYCAMORE INDIANS

December 7, 1909.

We have held our first meeting at Sycamore, about twenty miles from Auberry. What a time we did have! We left here early Saturday morning with every indication of a fine day. Sherman drove his team, and Marvine, another Indian, went along. When we got to Burrough Valley it was raining hard. The Indian homes were away up on

the hillsides and it was impossible to reach them that night. So we stopped at the home of a white man, married to an Indian squaw. He would take us in all right, but would not let Sherman and Marvin inside, even to eat of the food we bought, because they were Indians. But they got a place to stay.

We started out to make some visits at the nearest homes, but could not cross the creek which was running banks full. So we remained until Sunday.

How it did rain during the night—and snow! The ranchman would not let us have a meeting for the Indians in his house, so we had to go into an old empty cabin across the creek that no one had lived in for years. It had no doors or windows. Mother and I could not cross the creek until we had thrown into the stream a lot of big rocks. We had no dry wood with which to build a fire, but managed somehow to get one started. A few Indians came and sat about us on the floor, and we had a little meeting.

How good our little shanty seemed when we got home!

OLD CAPTAIN JACK LOOSENS UP

December 17, 1909.

Still our tent does not come. But yesterday we had a meeting in an Indian home close by and had a real good time in spite of the fact that we had told everybody to bring their own dinners. You know so far the noonday meal has been furnished by the family at whose home the meeting was held,

and we have been afraid many came just for the eats. But, no sir! they all came just the same and brought their dinners. So we are very much encouraged. And old Captain Jack came too, and invited us to come to his house next Sunday. That certainly made us feel good. Everybody had on their Sunday best and looked real nice. God is hearing our prayers for this people.

If only they would stop drinking!

(In the meantime the long looked-for tent arrived.)

AND THIS FROM THE "LITTLE MOTHER"

The first Christmas celebration for the Mono Indians in California was held December 29, 1910, in our gospel tent on Rancheria Hill. Early in the morning a half-breed came driving up to our door with a team of four horses hitched to a big lumber-wagon to haul the Christmas boxes to the tent, and the Indians came up to feast their eyes on the FIRST CHRISTMAS-TREE they had ever seen.

Under the tree we had large sacks of dried fruit, one for each family, with smaller bags filled with candy, enough for every one.

At eleven in the morning, the women and children came inside and sat upon the floor around the tree and sang gospel hymns, and then listened to a Bible Christmas lesson. At noon they scattered about in family groups, eating the lunch they had brought with them.

In the afternoon we had the distribution of presents. For the babies we had blankets, quilts, hoods,



Getting ready for Christmas at Auberry. (Miss Nora Swenson at left of central figure, Miss Mary Strange at right.)

rattles, and dresses. For the little girls we had dolls, ribbons, and dresses. The small boys were made happy with a top or marbles, or some other toy, all tied up in a red handkerchief; also scrap-books. For women there were work-bags, containing a sewing outfit and an apron. Men, young and old, received handkerchiefs, neckties, mufflers, and ribbons.

The Auberry Indians and the José Basin Indians were all there. As yet we have not had Christmas for the Indians of Burrough Valley (Sycamore).

Our gospel tent is 14 by 21 feet. We women bought it ourselves, also lumber for a floor and a two-foot wall. The Second Mesa Hopi Church sent ten dollars toward paying for the tent, and a woman in Mendocino, Calif., gave ten dollars, so it is partly paid for. We are glad to have our own tent to meet in. All summer we met under the trees and arbors, until they could no longer shelter us from the rains.

Our attendance each Lord's Day is fine. Interest good. Indians bring their own lunch. One Indian gave some wood for our school, and said when we wanted more to let him know.

We teach school four days each week from nine until two o'clock. The children come looking clean, hair nicely combed, and bringing lunch. They like the school, even if it is held in a tent. They even come on stormy days and are so happy. We believe our school will help us to reach the parents of the children. They think we are really trying to do something for them. Some have taken the

Jesus road. Others are given to strong drink and need our prayers and sympathy.

KEEPING UP WITH ANTON

(The story is continued by Miss Christensen.)

March 4, 1910.

Well, Friday is here once more, and it has been a very, very, busy, full day. This morning I cooked and swept before going to school. At noon we heard that a man living quite a distance up the mountain was dying. So we dismissed the children and walked over there, taking the trails, mountain roads, flooded creeks, and rocks as they came. When we got out on one of the trails we came upon a band of Indians going to see the sick man too.

I wish you could have seen the procession. It was headed by Anton, an old Indian who is one of the hardest characters in our charge. And he was sweating. My, the speed with which he was going! Ahead of Anton ran his little boy, wearing a pair of pants twice his size and strapped up with an old piece of harness. His wife, a fierce old woman, trotted behind at full speed, the rags of her skirt just going back and forth as fast as you please.

Next came a little boy carrying a bag of bedding; then two women with youngsters on their backs.

We were too late to point out to the dying man the way of the Cross, I am afraid. Oh, it was so hard to look at him and think perhaps in a few hours he would be gone! We talked to him in the

hope that he might catch a few words, prayed and sang. It was wonderful to see how pleased the Indians were because we came, and how soft and sweet their faces were in the presence of death.

When we started home the Indians did too, every one, even the wicked old Indian and his fierce wife. And didn't they go flying! Well, you never have seen any one walk until you have seen an Indian. We kept up with the whole batch. We walked almost steady for four hours after half a day in the school and feel fine.

It is very hot in the sun or in the tent, but oh! it is beautiful.

THE OLD THINGS KEPT GOING ROUND AND ROUND

May 20, 1910.

You should see my new riding-hat! It is a Mexican affair with two large, dark-blue tassels. When I get that on and my riding-skirt and mount my marvelous gray steed, you just ought to see me.

We had our first ride on our burros today, and didn't we have a circus! But we are not going to give up, because we must use these animals on our mission calls.

First, they didn't want to go across the bridge right in front of Pennels, so I had to get off and lead them. Then when we got in front of the store, there had to be a lot of men there looking on. The old things (I mean burros) just wouldn't move; we couldn't *make* them budge a step. So off I came again and tried and tried, but no, sir, Mother had

to get off too. We both tried and tried; we boxed their ears, we coaxed them and pulled on the bridles, but no, sir! And not one of them (I mean men) lifted a finger to help us.

Finally we got started, pulled the burros up the hill, and when we got out of sight we mounted and rode over to Gripspy's, but when we were ready to start home, I thought we would never get on the animals. They just kept going round and round. But we got on at last. We didn't dismount at the next place, I tell you! We did our visiting on the burros' backs.

Well, when we neared home and it came time to get off and put down the bars in front of Mr. H.'s ranch-house, I got off, but the old donkey wouldn't stand until I could put the bars up again. So I had to leave them down. We were thankful when we got home.

Those little beasts will just have to come to terms, for we are going to ride them.

OVER THE RIDGE TO COLD SPRINGS

June 23, 1910.

Our trip to Cold Springs was the roughest one we have made yet. For seven miles there simply was no road, not even a half-way excuse for an Indian trail, and that is saying a good deal, for Indian trails may be found anywhere. It's twenty-five miles to Cold Springs, and half of the way is climb, climb, and the other half is down, down. The rains have washed the roads away. Where roads

should have been were ditches with sides overgrown with brush.

Of course we had to walk, and what a time the poor horses had trying to get a footing! We expected to see one of them fall any minute or the wagon tip over and break. But nothing happened going over.

There were about twenty-seven to the meeting. One old man seemed very interested. He just hung about Sherman, our interpreter, all day, his face so happy I wonder if he didn't accept Jesus right then and there.

Next morning we got up about three-thirty and traveled quite a distance before sunrise. When we came to the worst place, the horses simply couldn't get a foothold and fell into the ditch that was once a road. One animal stepped with his sharp shoe on the leg of the other and cut it some, but not seriously. Sherman unhitched, and we helped him pull the wagon over. Up to the next bad stretch he and I went ahead and broke brush and threw it into the ditch while Mother stood guard over the team.

So in time we climbed over the ridge. It is just lovely up there; such a fine, cool breeze and such beautiful trees.

THERE WERE OTHER TENTS

October 5, 1910.

Sherman says S. is drunk all the time. He earns about four bits and then drinks. John Burroughs was at meeting last Sunday, much to my surprise

and delight. I think John will come out into the light soon.

I have been alone several nights, Mother having gone to Clovis to attend to some business about the mission. Mrs. H. worried about me, but there was no use of that. I was not afraid at all. Always slept the whole night in one long sleep. Why should I be afraid when "the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him," and "He gives his loved ones sleep"?

ON THE DUNLAP TRAIL

October 21, 1910.

Our Dunlap trip is over, and we are at home in our harness again. Leaving bright and early Monday morning, we were gone almost four days. The first night we camped about twelve miles from Dunlap, having traveled nearly forty miles that day. We could find no place to camp near water, so where we stopped there was neither house nor spring-water within miles of us. We had bought some corn at a Chinaman's garden, so we roasted the ears in the fire and ate tomatoes which Mrs. H. had given us, to quench our thirst.

After supper Sherman, our interpreter, told us Indian stories and, after reading and prayer, we went to bed on the ground with the blue sky dotted with stars as our roof. We had quite a time keeping the horses from walking right over us.

A little while after we went to bed several loads of young people went by and hollered, "Hello for

the shiverree!" So we knew that they must be on their way to Centerville.

"You just see, they'll be funny when they come back," I told Mother.

Sure enough, some time in the night I awoke, and they were just shooting one shot after another into the air and yelling like madmen. If they had expected us to get up and run, they were disappointed. We did not stir. I did want to see where they were sending those shots, but we decided to lie still and let them have their fun.

Somehow, one feels so secure and serene out there under the blue sky; it seems as if God were more real when you can see the stars over you.

We got up and started off without breakfast as we could not make coffee without water. After driving about six miles we stopped beside a spring for breakfast. Got to the Indians somewhere around ten that day. Visited during the day and had a meeting in the evening. There were about twenty-five out. Had a real good meeting. The people listened so well I just loved to talk to them. They grunted like they do in Indian stories. I wish our Indians would do that—we would know then that they were listening.

That was the wettest dry night I ever slept out in. The dew was so heavy that our quilts were just wet, and the only place that was dry on my pillow was where my head lay. We hung our beds out to dry while eating breakfast. After that we packed up, but instead of starting for home at six, we stayed at the request of these Dunlap Indians

who wanted another meeting, bless their hearts! So we had a meeting at half-past eight and were on our way homeward at ten.

The Indians out there do not drink much, send some of their children to the district school, and have quite a good deal of land fenced in. I think they are real nice. The women seemed willing to talk to you. There are about eighty within five miles. Then there are several living farther back and also another tribe over the ridge.

We were tired when we got home yesterday, but we washed and scrubbed our tent floor after dinner. Today we have been doing our first cleaning on the Hudson place. Oh, you can't think how it looks! I wish we could have some one like John Hoen to come here and spend a week just clearing up brush and stuff.

We hope by next week to go over there in the basin and put up our tent near the house and live in that until the house is fixed.

ALONE IN HUDSON BASIN

October 31, 1910.

Well, here we are all moved and partly settled. We were here all alone four nights and not a person in sight for many long miles, and a big mountain between us and civilization; but we were all safe. It seems so good to lie down and know that the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him. We thought we would be awful lonely, but we were not so at all. It really seemed a relief

to be out of the vision of everybody for awhile. Not an Indian came to see us. But when it came Saturday we really wanted to see some one. We have decided to get Sherman to come over here and live at the Hudson place and put up a kitchen for ourselves to cook in and put a roof over our tent and live that way this winter. It would be camping sure enough, but we would be at home.

You ought to have been here one night. We had a jolly time, I tell you. I do not know how long I had been asleep when Mother came to my bed and shook me and told me to be still. It scared me and my arms got so that I just couldn't feel them. My body was so soundly asleep I couldn't wake it up.

Pretty soon I woke up enough to ask Mother what was the matter.

"I think there's some one trying to untie the tent-ropes."

We both listened and decided that it must be field rats.

I was getting ready to go to sleep again when the tent floor began to heave and shake. Right under my bed was a hog scraping his back against the two-by-four scantling that held up the floor. Bump, bump, and thud! The Indians let their hogs run wild in the mountains. Then a coyote began to howl right back of the house. Mother put her head out of the door and tried to yell louder than the coyote and finally scared it off. So between the antics of all the different wild animals we had a pretty restless night. Sunday was the next day, too—the day we need to feel so good; but it could

not be helped, as rats, hogs, and coyotes do not keep Sunday.

Mrs. H. has given me a gun, and I keep it at the head of my bed, but don't you tell any one that I do not know how to use it. I mean to learn. Some time we may be left here, and I mean to have some kind of a weapon. Not that I think anything would hurt us, but maybe I would get a bear some time.

Sunday all our Indians came to the meeting, and the tent was packed. You just cannot think how much some of the Indians have grown since the mission was started. When they come back from the grape vineyards they bring new buggies, horses, flour, and something to make their homes more comfortable. We are so glad. It seems so good to know they are beginning to have an interest in something aside from whisky and card-playing.

Today (Monday) Sherman and his family moved over and are here near us in the Hudson place. He brought some deer meat, so we had fresh deer for supper. Was good. It is very, very dark when raw and almost black when cooked. The day after tomorrow we are going over to our old home and make some bread. Mrs. H. has promised to make some yeast for us. You cannot imagine how good she is to us.

“MAYBE, SO BEAR UP THERE”

DEAR OSWALD:

October 26, 1910.

How is the boy who was going to build a house for me, and give me a silk stove when he grows

up? Well, now is just the time I need a stove very much. Not a silk one though. 'Fraid it would make too awful hot a fire for the big pine right over our kitchen, but we certainly do need one very much. You know we have been using Mrs. H.'s stove, but now that we have moved we do not have anything but a little camp-stove.

When you get to be a farmer, doctor, preacher, or missionary, I may need that house, and you may need a housekeeper, and you can fulfil some of your promises. I know that you will fulfil them well, even though you do not do it in just the way you used to describe to me. A boy with a strong body, a good home, and Jesus in his heart to keep it clean, is always bound to make good his promises.

How I wish you could come up here and help us clean up our fireplace. We are having a roof put over our tent and the kitchen part of the house fixed up. The house is several times worse than the old cabin we lived in. The underpinning is nearly all gone. The roof is very poor. The porches are ready to tumble down. The floors in some places were not safe to walk on until Mr. H. put in several new boards. Some of the windows are broken, but they are fixing the kitchen up pretty well, and our little tent is just fine—almost as nice as the silver house you were going to build for me. Oh, my dear boy, when we get into that we will keep comfortable and warm, and just think, there will not be any windows where Indians can look through, yet we will have plenty of light.

But don't think we are going to suffer. If we

only had a well. The Indians are always dipping their dirty pails into the spring, and pretty soon the creek will begin to run and it will come from a man's pigpen above us and run right into our spring.

We have made a general attack with rakes, hoes, brooms, and a mop, the Indians helping us. Now the trouble is to get our household goods over the hill. Sherman has gone back into the mountains to hunt horses, and no one knows when he will be back. Now if we were like some of the Indians all we would have to do is just throw our frying-pan in the back of the wagon, climb in ourselves, and there we are all moved!

Yesterday Indian Joe came over. He sat and looked at the rocky hill back of the house.

"What do you see, Joe?" I asked.

"Maybe so bear up there; too much rock."

"All right," I said. "I will get a gun and learn to shoot."

Joe laughed.

Never mind, Oasy, if I ever kill a bear, you will be invited to the feast. Now good night, and may God keep you and bless you and make you a strong, good man.

(The following summer Mr. Roach, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Selma, Calif., and several brethren from that church began rebuilding the old ranch-house. They gave their time without charge, as did Mr. Jolley, of Del Rey, the representative of the young people of the San Joaquin Valley, who looked after the cementing of the spring.)

NO SURRENDER

November 19, 1910.

Some of the mountain whites are working against us, but not us after all. It is Jesus they are opposing, and he will make things come out all right somehow. He always does.

Twenty-one of our Indians have been baptized by Doctor Brinstad just one and a half years after the work opened. The Lord certainly has done far above all we could ask or think.

There is going to be another "fandango." It will be hard for the Christians to keep straight when members of their families go. But Jesus can help them, and we know he will.

(The fandango is a general gathering of the pagan Indians to engage in old ceremonies under the leadership of the medicine-men. Wild dancing, feasting, drinking, and gambling, and indescribable immoralities are indulged in. Powerful medicine-men from other tribes have been sent occasionally to try to draw the Mono Indians from the Jesus road.)

MORE SUNSHINE THAN SHADOW

December 20, 1910.

Dick B., our junior deacon, has started to school. He learned his letters and read three pages today; also did some long problems in addition and subtraction. How is that for a beginner? Henry is terribly disconcerted over the multiplication tables.

He is doing fine work, though. George H. is tussling hard with subtraction. He is the tall, lanky fellow, towering way above me.

"It's too much for me!" he said when I asked him if it was hard. (Special emphasis upon *much* and *me*, uttered in a long-drawn sigh.)

Poor George! So many things are too much for him, but I hope I may be able to help him to be too much for a few things that are now getting the better of him.

A hundred long addition problems to correct every night and then make enough work for fourteen pupils next day; some one at recess to drill nearly every day. So many helpless ones. But, how I do love my "chilluns"! After all, there are more bright things than dark.

Mother calls me *Pata* now; that is our Indians' word for daughter.

STILL THERE

December 28, 1910.

Captain Jack, the leading Indian here, rarely comes to the meetings now. Sherman said that he climbs to the top of the hill and looks down on us while we are in the meeting and says: "Oh, I see they are still there. They haven't gone up yet. They are always talking about going to heaven, but I see they haven't gone yet."

Poor old Captain Jack! I am afraid that he won't be ready to go up with us unless he changes his life some.

TO A CLASS OF GIRLS

March 2, 1911.

How much I should love to see you tonight and have a little talk with you all. It would be quite a treat, but since I cannot see you face to face we will have a visit on paper. I want to thank you so much for the nice quilts you sent us for our babies. You may be sure they felt good to the little ones who must sleep on the floors these cold winter nights. We have had a good deal of snow, and of course it makes it very cold in poor Indians' houses where there are cracks all over and no ceilings to prevent heat from the fireplace going right out through the poor roofs. I pray the Lord will bless you all and make each one of you earnest missionary girls in your own church. Our church is our mission field until the Master calls us to fill some other place for him. Believe me, girls, missionary life is made up of doing a great many little things. Very interesting things do happen sometimes, but mostly it is a quiet life of doing little things. The place to begin to learn how to do work for Jesus is right in our own church and home.

ACCORDING TO THE TEACHINGS OF THE BOOK

June 4, 1911.

He has surrendered at last! Who? Why, Henry of course. Oh, it seems too good to be true! The fight is lost for Satan again, and there has once

more been joy among the angels of God over one sinner who has repented. Yes, and not only *one*.

Last Sunday I felt impelled to give the invitation for any to rise who wished to become Christians, but there were so many white people there and so many things have happened when we have given the invitation that we decided not to, but I did not feel just right about it. Well, today I felt the same way, so I gave the invitation, and who do you suppose was first? Why, old Madam, who is almost blind. She is about one hundred years old. Then the wife of Lee, the Chinaman, rose, and next a fine young woman from José Basin, and next Hiram Wesley, who once before said he "would no more drink whisky, but all time pray now." Well, he has just been married, and I guess he has a desire to begin over again. I wish you would ask the church to pray for him that he may not fall again.

Well, then wonders began! Jesse, the awful, obstreperous boy who broke his leg, rose next. He is Hiram's brother. Then Copeland, another of my dear boys, and next our hard case—Henry. Oh, God does hear and answer prayer! That was not all. Alpheus, a hard old sinner, and Charlie Blasen-game rose too. But they rose as though it were fun. I do not know just what to think of them. But God knows. Oh, do pray that Hiram, Jesse, and Copeland will be strong, because they will have a hard time. In all there were fifteen who rose.

Henry was so happy his face was wholly transformed. Satan has had a hard time giving him up. Surely God must have a work for him to do. And

now you must pray for Stronbeck, Anton, the two half-breeds at Burrough Valley, George Besen and Bill Hancock, and also Bill's two sisters.

They have been accusing us of having the good people saved and throwing the bad ones to the devil. Well, Sherman gave them one of his famous talks yesterday. He just told them that we did not throw any one to the devil, we taught them according to the teachings of the Book, that they would have to decide for themselves whether they wanted to go to the devil or not.

V

BREAKING NEW TRAILS

JOSEPH G. BRENDEL, general missionary to California Indians, was making his first trip to the Cold Springs Indians. Deep into the wilderness he journeyed, finding trails almost too steep and rough for travel in a two-horse wagon, as they were narrow and sidling and frequently so guttered by successive spring freshets as to resemble ditches rather than roads. Sometimes the wagon nearly tipped over; sometimes the drop was so sudden that Brendel and his interpreter were nearly thrown headlong upon the horses. The dip down the eastern slope of the divide that separates Sycamore Basin from the beautiful Burrough Valley defied description. It was a road to forgotten men—a Mono Indian trail. It led beyond the edge of civilization. When it reached the bottom of the slope it meandered across a grassy meadow to Sycamore Creek, where it ended abruptly. Across the creek there was no wagon-road, nothing but bridle-paths. On all sides rose the steep mountain walls that sent shadows across the basin in midafternoon. A silence, intensified by the soft murmur of the creek, fell about the gospel adventurers. Quietly and with a deftness born of many years spent in open places, the two began to make camp.

Word had been carried to the Indians living far back in the mountains that the missionary would meet them beneath the big sycamore near the creek, and before dark several families of them came down the trails.

In God's first temple! With the stars shining through the branches of the towering sycamore, a service was held that night. By the time the moon had risen above the protecting hills, the women and children had retired to their beds. About the missionary's camp-fire the men gathered and late into the night listened to the man for whose coming they had been waiting. In low voices they spoke in answer to Brendel's many questions. They told of their poor homes in the remote places, of summer wanderings to the sheep-shearing camps and to the harvest-fields, of the fall harvest of acorns, of fishing and hunting trips, of hunger and cold during many winters, of the ravages of disease, of drunken brawls, and of the schemes of the boot-leggers.

The fire had burned low when the missionary finally was left to himself. He walked out from beneath the trees to a point where he could see the camp-fires gleaming in the semidarkness along the creek bank. A wonderful peace descended upon him after his long day's work. To this neglected people he had come as a stranger, but he felt at home among them, knowing that the Father of all races looked down in his protecting love. The eagerness with which his words had been received was a foretaste of many precious experiences he was to have

as a bearer of the Glad News. And, out there beneath the stars, he began evolving the plan for the moral and social redemption of this destitute band.

The following day was Sunday and, shortly after sunrise, the mountainsides awoke to life as the Indians in greater numbers came down the trails to meet the man who had called them from their retreats in the cañons east of the high mesa above the creek. They came singly, they came in twos and threes, they came in larger groups—some on foot and some on horseback. Many brought their camping outfits, others rolls of bedding. Men and children, women carrying their papooses—they came from all directions to gather under the great sycamore and hear the gospel story.

Representing different societies, yet in heartiest accord, Brendel and the women missionaries had planned the work in behalf of all neglected tribes within their vast territory. Early they had agreed upon a definite goal and sought the cooperation of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the local authorities in matters of law enforcement and education. This goal, briefly stated, included an allotment of land for every Mono family on which to build a home; a common school education for every Mono child; employment for every able-bodied Mono, man or woman, in the vineyards and orchards of the San Juan Valley; a chapel in every Mono settlement.

Brendel climbed the mountain trails east of Sycamore Creek and made his way to the remote cañons and gulches in search of every inhabited Indian hut

and shanty. He found poverty and wretchedness indescribable. He made a census of all Indian children of school age in addition to his other surveys. The thoroughness of his work and the spirit underlying his methods are clearly revealed in one of his first letters to Washington, D. C., setting forth his discoveries and recommendations. We cannot do better than quote this letter in full:

TOLL HOUSE, CALIF., FEB. 3, 1914.

*Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs,
Washington, D. C.*

DEAR SIR:

I wish to lay before you the conditions and needs of the Cold Springs Indians. This band lives near Burrough Valley, in Fresno County, Calif. The band numbers one hundred and nineteen, there being eighty-one adults and thirty-eight children. Twenty-seven children are of school age, and four more will be of school age by the opening of another school year. Most of these Indians live back in the mountains and it is impossible to get to their places with a wagon. They are scattered over a large territory. Most of them have little allotments, but not more than half a dozen families raise anything on their land. Where they have ground that would produce anything, they have no water with which to irrigate their crops. Their living depends entirely upon the men finding work in the settlements.

Last May I opened up a mission among them. They are making rapid strides in civilization and good citizenship. They are constantly begging for a school for their children. Therefore, I make this appeal to you in their behalf for a government school.

Near the place where we hope to build our mission chapel is what is known as the Sycamore Ranger Station. This station is to be eliminated from the Forest Reserve. So in

case the section should be abandoned, there is some Government land, not adjoining the station but in close proximity, that is level enough on which to make homes. Could not this Ranger Station and the other land be segregated and a small Indian reservation be established, giving each family say a five-acre allotment. Then the Indians could build their houses on their lots, the men would be closer to their work, and the families would be living where their children could go to school, and all have the privilege of the mission.

The Government has on this Ranger Station a good four-roomed house, a barn, and wire fences. The house could be used as a home for the teacher, and the only extra cost would be for the erection of a small schoolhouse.

I pray you, give this your earliest attention as these people certainly deserve some help.

Sincerely,

J. G. BRENDEL,

General Indian Missionary.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs sent a special field-officer to make a report on the condition of landless Indians in Brendel's territory, and eventually the latter's dreams concerning his neglected brethren were fulfilled.

Months passed that were glorious in the fruition of prayerful and conscientious sowing of the word.

On a typical California day late in February, 1914, a happy crowd of eighteen of the adult Christian Indians of Cold Springs, together with Missionary and Mrs. Brendel, started on a memorable journey from the Sycamore Mission to Dunlap. They were taking this fifty-five-mile trip back into the mountains in order to tell their brothers of the Toi-Ki-Chi tribe what great things

God had done and perhaps help some of them find the Jesus Road. Fourteen of the Indians at the Dunlap Mission, where Miss Pauline Whiting, serving under the Woman's Board, and Missionary Brendel had labored together, had expressed the desire for baptism, and to examine them as to their fitness to receive the ordinance the Christian Indians from Cold Springs had made the long journey. As the procession, composed of seven wagons carrying Indians and camp outfits and four people riding horseback, made its way over the rough trails, one might have heard gospel songs echoing among the mountain glades. Night came on and a stop was made in a grove near Bobtown. After supper and before the beds were unrolled for the night, the Indians gathered about Brendel for their Bible study and praise service—also to pray for God's guidance on this their first missionary undertaking.

Next day, as the party approached the Indian settlement, two miles above Dunlap, they beheld the camp which had been prepared for them on the hill near a creek. On a post in the center hung a big hog. Nearby a long table had been built.

When the Toi-Ki-Chi Indians saw their guests approaching, they rushed forward to receive them. In spite of a cold, disagreeable wind, about one hundred Indians came together for the evening service at the call of "Ti-wa-ga" (the Christian captain).

The following Sunday about two hundred Indians and a hundred white people gathered for the baptism, a service which the Indians of that locality

never before had witnessed. The procession was led by the Convention pastor and the missionary, followed by the Indian deacons from the Sycamore mission. Then came the candidates for baptism, and after them the Christian Indians and the heathen Indians. The white people followed in the rear. The line moved slowly down to the banks of Mill Creek. After the meaning of the ordinance had been explained, the fourteen Indians were buried in baptism with the Christ whom they wished to follow.

In the evening of the same day the hand of fellowship was extended to the Indians who had been baptized, and they became the first members of the Indian Baptist church of Dunlap.

VI

A BROTHER TO THE MONO

PHONE Mr. Brendel, of Clovis, that we have some of his Indians in jail down here and that we would like to know what to do with them."

In this brief way the police magistrate of a San Joaquin Valley town dismissed from his mind one item on the day's calendar. Brendel had answered that he would be right down. And he kept his word. Old Lizzie was in good running order. Within less than an hour the Baptist general missionary to the Indians of the San Joaquin Valley was before the judge. The Indians, who had been jailed as drunks the night before, were brought in. Brendel said that the Indians should be allowed to go back to the vineyards to work; if he had recommended thirty days in the workhouse, the judge would have pronounced this sentence. And thereby the judge would have done no violence to his sense of justice. Each year since the coming of the missionary the city and county officials had had less trouble with "those worthless Digger Indians," and they knew that every year Brendel remained at work among them the trouble would keep on growing less.

"I ought to send the whole pack of you over the road for ninety days," said the judge as he glared sternly at the men under arrest. "If it wasn't for

the good word Mr. Brendel has spoken for you, I wouldn't hesitate a moment. See that you come up to his good opinion of you."

"Now, your honor, please don't be too hard on these men," said Brendel as a look of perfect understanding passed between the preacher and magistrate. "Bill here is a good boy. And Pete—why, there isn't a better grape-picker in Fresno County. They'll need him out at the Hillside Ranch all this week. And Joe there——"

"Take 'em away!" thundered the judge. "You may know what you can do with them."

These verbal exchanges varied as occasion demanded; a harsher treatment of a particularly hard case was sometimes recommended by the missionary. Fines were paid as a matter of course. Sometimes an Indian was remanded to jail for further hearing. Yet Brendel was always to be counted on to intercede for the Indians. Long ago he established a reputation among them as a man who would befriend and not exploit them. They have read his character and what they have seen spells brother. There is no other way to account for the fact that all the tribes or sections of tribes inhabiting the region covered by this missionary, have voluntarily come under his guidance.

Patiently, fearlessly, the missionary had waged warfare against the bootleggers and their atrocious liquor which he early discovered were the Indians' worst enemies. With the whole-hearted cooperation of the government agents and local authorities the fight was practically won before State and na-

tional legislative measures relegated whisky-selling to the list of outgrown customs of an archaic civilization.

In addition to the heartlessness of the white wolves who preyed upon the Indians of the Sierras for years, Brendel was obliged to contend with the wiles and cunning of the medicine-men. To one less persistent and of weaker faith in God's power to rescue the children of men from the powers of darkness, the fight against these tribal pests would have seemed hopeless. Little by little, through the gospel message and brotherly kindness in many forms, the eyes of the Indians had been opened to the methods practised by these impostors. Then one summer there occurred what might be termed a systematic drive of the medicine-men. From distant tribes they came into the Mono territory to try to undo the work of the missionaries. With them came Indian men and women adept in savage arts peculiarly alluring to an Indian. All methods known to the Indian priest-craft, from the "fandango" to the feast, were employed to draw the Christians back into paganism and hold the unconverted under the ban of superstition. Indian hand-games were vigorously promoted, and the gambling spirit took possession of the Indians as they congregated in the valley during the fruit harvest.

While the Christian Indians did not waver in their loyalty to the cause, there was a tension and unrest in the tribal life that was disconcerting and threatened the peace of all.

The Indians of the Sierras long have had the

belief that their medicine-men employ a deadly poison with which to destroy those who gain their enmity. Where the medicine-men get this poison no white man has learned, to the knowledge of our missionaries. If there is such a source the medicine-men have guarded the secret. Within recent years there have occurred several mysterious deaths which have been ascribed to the medicine-men. Brendel followed up one of these cases with a county sheriff, interviewed several Indians, and convinced some of the leading men of the tribe in that remote section of the mountains, that the medicine-man who had been carrying on his operations in that tribe, should take his departure out of the country. That medicine-man has not been heard of since.

One of these Indian charlatans was haled into court for manslaughter following the death of a tribesman caused by the blood-sucking treatment for a minor ailment. In the end the case was dismissed, and the medicine-man disappeared.

The gambling craze among the Indians was effectually checked after Brendel had drawn up, under expert advice, a county ordinance making gambling outside of incorporated cities with any kind of a device, or even the witnessing of a game of chance, a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment. The supervisors of Fresno County have looked to our missionary more than once for assistance, and in this instance were more than glad to cooperate in a movement to abolish the Indian hand-games. Only those who have seen this game can conceive



Mono Bill Charley and Missionary Brendel in the grapelands of the
San Joaquin

of its harmful effects upon the participants. The game itself is simple. The company is divided into two groups, and the game is presided over by an umpire, who designates the person to hold a small stick and the person on the opposing side to guess in which hand the stick is held. Tally is kept by means of twelve sticks. When one side has won all twelve sticks by reason of its successful guessing, the money that has been pooled is divided among the members of the winning side. Excitement is wrought to a high pitch by the beating of the tom-tom and the wild chanting of the official criers.

In 1914 Miss Christensen helped to give a Christmas festival at Table Mountain and described the impression this Indian gambling game made upon her.

After all was over we wondered that so many of the men did not return to their homes, but soon we were to learn the cause. The only bed in the house, a homemade one, was offered to us as our resting-place for the night, which we gratefully accepted, using our own bedding. As the hours of the night passed, the wind and rain shook the little Indian hut so that it seemed that it surely would blow over. Above the storm was heard Indian chanting from a teepee near-by where the men were gambling. This kept up till daybreak with not a moment's pause. Could we have been at the mission (Auberry) at an early hour that same evening and stood at an Indian cottage to listen, we would have heard, instead of the gambler's chant, earnest voices of Christian Indians ascending to God in prayer, and soon all would have been still for the night. The next morning the men who had spent the night in gambling came to tell us good-bye, but on their faces were signs of a long sleepless night. The

previous week these same Indians had met for one of their fandangos, a dance for the dead that lasts a week. Much of the time had been spent in gambling.

Could Miss Christensen have looked ahead a few years she could have rejoiced at the change that was destined to take place at Table Mountain. Captain Wilson, the leader of the "fandango" referred to, is now a Baptist deacon. He and his sons and his neighbors and their children live sober, industrious lives.

"We go to bed when night come," said the captain in a council meeting which the writer attended last fall. "In the morning we feel good. Our heads not down this way (illustrating), and we get up happy and ready for work."

After Mr. Brendel had made a survey of the needs of the Table Mountain Indians, he persuaded the Bureau of Indian Affairs to purchase one hundred and sixty acres of land, which was allotted to the homeless families of that section. The members of the Baptist Young People's Union of the San Joaquin Valley and the Northern California Baptist State Convention supplied funds for the erection of a mission chapel. A school that had been closed because there had not been seven white children in the district to attend, opened when the Indians came out of the gulches and settled in their nice new community. The four white children of the neighborhood who had been deprived of public-school privileges, were just as happy as the Indian boys and girls whose coming now necessitated the opening of the school.

Stranger than romance is the story of the transformation of the Table Mountain Indians—a narrative that cannot be told in detail here. It must begin in the dim past when the Spaniards discovered this continent, and it must be carried forward through the Spanish and Mexican persecutions to the time when the gold-camp was established at a point on the San Joaquin River almost within sight of the Baptist Indian chapel. From the days when the gold-camp became silent and deserted, down to the coming of the women missionaries and of Brendel, we should trace the story, following the Indians to the high foothills where, living like the squirrels and rabbits on acorns, roots, and berries, they were found and brought into a world of light and beauty by the faithful followers of the Great Pathfinder.

Perhaps the Mono work has furnished no more striking example of the power of the gospel to overcome the powers of darkness than was witnessed in the conversion of Captain Pete Westfall, the priest and master of ceremonies in the old Indian rites at Nippinnawasee on one of the trails leading to the Yosemite Valley. How the Indian preacher Neas-je-gar-gath (Alfred Lord) first came in contact with Captain Pete is told elsewhere.¹ Captain Pete had built an old-time Indian ceremony house called the "Round House," and for many years had conducted the heathen ceremonies in the building. A few months after the old priest had declared his acceptance of Christ, Brendel went to Nippinnawasee

¹ Chapter VI, "Old Trails and New," by Coe Hayne; The Judson Press, Philadelphia.

to hold services, presenting the Bible stories in a graphic way by means of pictures and charts. At the close of one of the meetings Captain Pete, who had been visibly affected by all that the white missionary had said, rose and made the following speech:

"Last spring when this Indian preacher came to teach us God's Word I believe it, I thought surely so it pretty good; I believe it was ever since and tried to walk in it. Now, when this man comes today and teach us, I see it plain and today I cut loose all ropes and let everything fall back behind me. I right now throw away all old Indian ceremonies and beliefs, and I walk out on the new road with Jesus, a new man. I am a free man with a happy heart. Way down at my place I have old 'Indian Round House'—that is, center place where all trails come in from different bands; if you want to build 'Jesus House,' I will give you land down there and when you build house all people can come."

The next morning Brendel took Captain Pete in his machine and drove down the mountainside to see the "Round House." Much to his surprise, he found about half the band of Nippinnawasee Indians already there; they had come to see what the white missionary was going to do. The old priest took Brendel inside and showed him the building and all the paraphernalia that had been used.

"Long time ago," said Captain Pete, "Indians gave me money and I bought all these things you see, dishes and cooking utensils; now, if you build

the 'Jesus House' here, I will have all these things cleaned up and will turn them over to the new house. They were used in the old bad way long enough; now we will use them for God." (The dishes were of good material, and with the cooking vessels were worth about \$150.) "This old 'Round House,' " he continued, "we will use for Jesus too. We will use the house to cook and eat in when the Indians come for a big time, maybe so when it rains or snows we can hold services in here until we get better 'Jesus House.' "

Right there and then Brendel read some of the promises of God concerning the kingdom of this world becoming the kingdom of God, and they knelt in prayer with the band of Indians all about in the old heathen temple now set apart for divine service.

Arrangements were made at once to have a Christmas service in the old "Round House," and when Brendel returned about a month later he found Neas-je-gar-gath, Captain Pete, and the band there awaiting him. They had been in camp two days during which Neas-je-gar-gath had held three services daily. As he drew near the camping-ground the Indian boys and girls, who had been sitting on the high rocks listening for the sound of the missionary Ford, quickly carried the news to the crowd in the "Round House." The Mono's Santa Claus had arrived, and there was joy unbounded. All rushed outside and surrounded the automobile loaded with good things.

Within the "Round House" a tree was set up, and around this a canvas was stretched to hide the

presents until the time for Christmas service scheduled for New Year's Day. This first Christmas for the Nippinnawasee Indians held in the old pagan ceremonial house was an occasion of great happiness and religious enthusiasm. The Indians listened with silent rapture to the Christmas story told in such a way that all could understand that a new world of joy and light had opened to these poor souls, whose forebears had been driven from their rightful domain to this inhospitable mountain wilderness. There were presents for both men and women as well as for all the children—presents from the white people of the valley and from all parts of the State. Surely the Jesus Road was good to walk in! And better than the possession of these beautiful and useful things was the knowledge that after many years of neglect, there were people in the white man's world who had remembered the mountain Indian in his destitution.

Health conditions among the Mono bands early received the attention of our missionaries. Until within a few years ago nothing had been done by Federal, State, or local health officers to lessen the ravages of diseases to which these Indians were particularly susceptible. Measles, pulmonary and bronchial troubles were the principal ailments, especially among children. In 1917 Missionary Brendel went before the board of supervisors of Fresno County and made a stirring appeal in behalf of the Indians in his territory.

"I have watched men, women, and children die because of no medical service," he said. "It is a

long way back into the hills, and an Indian ordinarily will not earn more than enough to provide the necessary food to keep up life. During winter they almost starve, and when sickness comes they generally die. Once there were many Indians back in the hills, but the diseases they are subject to have eaten up the population fast. I often wonder how it is that we have any left, for the government has neglected to give them the aid that the reservation Indians are entitled to. [The Mono are not reservation Indians.] We missionaries have done all that we can in the medical line, but the demands upon us have become too great unless we have money for medicine and mileage for the physician."

To the credit of the supervisors let it be recorded that Brendel was authorized to secure medical service for the Indians and present bills to the county for payment. This was the first step Fresno County took to render systematic medical aid to the Indians.

Upon the Auberry mission property was erected a small building which became known as the "Hospital," and which has been used to good advantage many times during epidemics. At first the adult Indians, in case of sickness among them, would not consent to leave their homes, or allow their children to do so. But in time they overcame their superstitious fears in this respect. The resident women missionaries have proved to be excellent practical nurses and, in several very serious cases, have shown how useful a hospital, in the heart of the

Indian country, may become. These demonstrations of what the white man can accomplish with his medicine and sanitary methods also have had the very desirable effect of turning the Indians more willingly away from the medicine-men who have held things firmly in their hands so long.

During the epidemic of Spanish influenza, and later during a smallpox scare, Missionary Brendel was deputized as a special health officer by the Fresno County health officer. It is of interest to observe that the United States Government, through its Indian agent for this district, officially recognized the health service of our missionaries as of high order. It is permissible to quote a passage from a report of Col. L. A. Dorrington, special agent in charge of the Indian Agency, Reno, Nevada, to the Indian Office, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.:

In Fresno County, the missionary, Rev. J. G. Brendel, took charge of the situation promptly at the outbreak of the epidemic. Through his efforts, the Board of County Supervisors appointed a special physician for the Indians, and as the epidemic broke out in a community, it was immediately quarantined and special treatment given the afflicted. Fourteen of the most serious cases were sent to the County Hospital, where three deaths occurred. In all there were three hundred cases and nine deaths. The low percentage of mortality is due entirely to the activity of Rev. Brendel and his associates. The little hospital maintained by the Baptist Board at Auberry was crowded to overflowing and the women assistants gave up their own quarters as well.

At Coarse Gold, Maderia County, where one of our missions is located, there were thirty cases of the influenza reported by Mrs. Harriet M. Gilchrist, "half-matron," stationed there.



Mono Christian girl grinding acorn meal. The Mono basketry is famous for its beauty of design and workmanship.

The conscientious work of Mrs. Gilchrist, assisted by a doctor, no doubt saved the situation and there were no deaths.

Long and patiently the missionaries labored before they induced the Indians to adopt the Christian marriage ceremony. In their pagan life marriage for the Mono Indians had been a means of money-making. The father sold his daughter for five or ten dollars, perhaps more. Often a girl became the wife of the man who would pay the most for her. The teaching that the man and woman shall follow the dictates of their own hearts in choosing a mate for life was hard for the Mono to accept. With admirable courage the younger converts were the first to adopt the Christian marriage custom. Then a number of the leading men of the tribe, who had found the Jesus Road, became convinced that it was their duty to renew the marital vows in accordance with the teachings of the gospel which had brought them happiness. By this step they would openly renounce all connection with or belief in the pagan custom of barter and exchange.

Accordingly the licenses were secured and the day set for six wedding ceremonies. In response to invitations sent out by Indian messengers nearly two hundred Indians gathered to witness this unusual event. Six Indian couples, accompanied by their children, many of the latter grown and some married, stood before Missionary Brendel while he spoke the words which united them according to the will of God and the laws of the State.

After the ceremony a reception, arranged by the

children, was held for the six remarried couples. The brides and grooms stood in line while all the Indians marched by, shaking hands and gravely offering congratulations. A wedding-dinner, served out-of-doors, followed the reception.

Missionary Brendel has obtained work for the Mono Indian. He has done this in a systematic way by organizing the various bands in his territory into camps over which leaders are appointed. At first the fruit men were reluctant about hiring the Indians. One grape-grower, who had eight hundred acres of vines, the first year refused to have anything to do with "those lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing Digger Indians." He tried one or two, nevertheless, and the next year a few more. The third year he came to our missionary and said: "Can you get me enough Indians of your kind to harvest my whole crop? I have tried laborers of every nationality on the globe, but these Christian Indians are the best workers I ever had."

For several years past no trouble has been experienced by Brendel in securing employment for all the Indians he can bring down from the mountains. We conclude this chapter with a statement from a report forwarded to Washington, D. C., by Col. L. A. Dorrington, Special Indian Agent at Reno, Nevada:

At Clovis, Fresno County, Calif., is located the headquarters of Rev. J. G. Brendel, who has charge of the Baptist activities among the Indian people of Fresno and Madera Counties. Mr. Brendel is a practical religious worker. He not only looks after the spiritual welfare of the Indian, but

enters fully into their very life. He assists them in procuring work, advises them in business matters, secures medical attention for the sick, and relief for the destitute, he instils in them an ambition and a desire for progress. Since his advent in this field, there has been a wonderful change in these Indians. From a shiftless, drunken, immoral band, they have become industrious and ambitious.

VII

DAWN

CAPTAIN JACK KUMOA, the old heathen chief of the Auberry band of Mono Indians, for many years had withstood the teachings of the Christian missionaries, scoffing at their doctrines and ridiculing his tribal brethren who professed Jesus as their Saviour. In December, 1920, the first annual Mono Bible conference was held at Auberry. Captain Jack loves company; the hospitable old Indian rejoiced to see many Indians come to Hudson Basin from distant rancherias and settlements. Every day he came down the hill to join the crowds, attend the sessions, listen to addresses by white men and testimonies of converted Indians.

"This Bible conference pretty good," he said.

Nothing like it had been held in the Sierras before.

Decades ago there had been a great round-up of Indians in the foot-hills of the mountains bordering the San Joaquin Valley on the east, but on that occasion the Indians had been herded together at the point of the bayonet; and they were told to dwell on reservations. We have read how the treaties made with the various tribes and bands were broken. Old Captain Jack's boyhood reached back into those days of unspeakable woe; hunger and

cold and strife in the face of white aggression stood out in high relief against the somber haze of his childhood memories. He could recall few bright days, although he had spent his days in a land of eternal sunshine. For him and his people life had been an interminable struggle for existence. That many of them had survived the terrible period of conflict and afterward the period of conquest when they were driven from the valleys to mountain fastnesses, was proof of their virile character.

Is there cause to wonder why Captain Jack began the descent of the western slope of his life embittered, cynical and suspicious of all efforts on the part of white men to help him or his people? Miss Christensen could not forget the picture of him standing on Rancheria Hill and looking down upon the mission tent from which the songs of the converted were carried to his ears on the gentle breeze of a California afternoon.

"I see they haven't gone up yet," he had muttered derisively.

He had presented a pathetic picture that day as he stood apart from his people, perhaps secretly hoping that some members of his beloved band within the tent might be carried to the happy land about which the Christians continually were singing. As for himself, he had known misery so long that no appeal seemingly could stir him into seeking another state of existence. His people had been fooled so many times.

But this Bible conference seemed "pretty good" to Captain Jack. For six days he had listened to

his people singing about a land in which they were dwelling and the chorus kept ringing in his heart:

I'm living on the mountain,
Underneath the cloudless sky;
I'm drinking at the fountain
That never shall run dry;
O, yes! I'm feasting on the manna
From a bountiful supply,
For I am dwelling in Beu-lah Land.

He could not keep away from the Bible conference, and he could not keep that song out of his heart. What did these Christians mean, anyhow? Was it possible, after all, for a Mono to live in a happy land?

While Captain Jack sat through the long sessions of the Bible conference—three of them every day—morning, afternoon, and night—he had time to recall many incidents in the tribal life of the Mono since the coming of the missionaries. Nothing during those years had escaped his notice.

What about that old woman whom everybody had called "The Jug"? How strange that people should have believed that the religion the white missionaries professed and taught was capable of changing her habits of life! "There is one person you cannot change," doubting white settlers had affirmed. But one morning Ann's husband had risen in meeting to give his first testimony. "A long time now I come here," he had said; "I hear about this way. It is a good way, and right now I begin to trust Jesus." His coming out seemed to have given the missionaries great joy. But great

had been their astonishment when "Old Ann" stood up and said, "Right now I trust in Jesus and mean to walk in his way." And from that day a great change did come in her manner of living. The very next Sunday she came to service in a new, clean calico dress.

Fresh in memory was the testimony of the Chinaman who was married to an Indian woman: "Oh! you folks, you no savvy how bad Injun he be 'fore you come. Drink! Drink! All time he likee drink! Woman too! Some time they go up to saloon Saturday, maybe never come back till maybe Tuesday some time. All time crying, all time holler! Some time no can tell maybe so coyote cry, maybe so Injun. Pretty bad. Awful! Now no more do that way."

Another Indian who had found the Jesus Road good to walk in, had said: "Before Indians become Christians he have nothing. We working maybe three week. Go to saloon, drink up quick! No money, no nothing. Just all same as throwing work and money away. Now we go work for a little while and maybe three month we have plenty money. We stay home, look after our place. Plenty money, plenty clothes, plenty grub."

Perhaps the Christians were right after all when they sang of Beulah Land. The storekeeper down near the railroad station had said that the Indians had bought more wagons, harnesses, horses, furniture, and dishes during the years the missionaries had been among them than they had bought in all the past years. There were stoves, ranges, and

sewing-machines in homes where before there had been nothing.

One night during the Bible conference to which Captain Jack had been drawn Missionary Brendel suddenly turned the meeting over to the Indians. And such testimonies as were given! Mrs. Bill Sherman told how she had turned away from the medicine-man and his "fandangos." José Dick, Jim Waley, and Sycamore Charley made good talks for Indians to hear. Then Captain Wilson, of Table Mountain, and Captain Wa-ha-sett, of Sycamore, spoke, each recalling the days when the Indians were looked upon as a lazy, drunken, lying, shiftless lot. After the testimonies the invitation was given to all men and women and boys and girls who wished to walk in the Jesus Road to come forward and receive the friendly handclasp of their Christian brothers and sisters who were ready to help them. Nearly twenty responded; and on a subsequent night others came forward, and before the meetings closed thirty-seven declared their allegiance to Christ. One of them was a stalwart grandson of the Major Savage who had led the expedition against old Chief Tenaya of the Yosemite. This boy was one-quarter white. Major Savage, during his varied career as an Indian trader, had married five squaws, daughters of chiefs with whom he had established trade relations.

"This Bible conference pretty good," said Captain Jack, the old heathen chief from Rancheria Hill. The speakers were Miss Ina M. Shaw and Dr. L. C. Barnes, of the Home Mission Societies;

Revs. George L. White and E. E. Ford, of Los Angeles; Charles A. Edsall, a layman from Pasadena; Misses Nora Swenson and Mary Strange, the missionaries at Auberry; Mrs. C. O. Livesay, the missionary at Dunlap; Missionary Brendel, and Neas-je-gar-gath. We grant that the conference was "pretty good." But its closing hour found old Captain Jack hesitating to cross the boundaries of Beulah Land. He had heard the invitation to enter the Jesus Road so many times before and had as often refused to turn aside from the old heathen trail, that it did not now occur to him that the time to surrender had come. The last hymn was sung, the last invitation given, the last prayer uttered. At the close of the final session of the conference the old man sat with bowed head in his chair at the rear of the chapel. He walked back to his home with the conquering Christ very close to him, but still an uninvited guest in his heart.

There had been sent a request from Baptist headquarters in New York City that the Mono bands remain in camp three days longer to give two operators of motion-picture cameras an opportunity to secure a number of scenes of missionary activity in the Sierras. Captain Jack welcomed this news. Would there be more meetings? All the Indians were asking for them.

While Mono Bill Charley, a Christian Indian from Dunlap, was busy in forest glades and on mountain trails gladly cooperating in the visualization, for audiences everywhere, of the remarkable story of his redemption and subsequent happiness

as a follower of the great Pathfinder, other testimonies were being given by other Indians in an all-day gospel meeting within the chapel and without thought of what was going on outside in connection with the filming of historical scenes.

And during that memorable day Mr. Edsall and Doctor Barnes responded to the Indians' requests for more "Jesus talks." Late in the afternoon the heart of old Captain Jack melted after a stirring evangelistic appeal by Doctor Barnes, whose early ambition to be sent to heathen lands as a missionary had been blighted by circumstances over which he had had no control, but which has had a partial fulfilment in that he has spoken to many heathen Indian tribes throughout North America. Captain Jack's surrender to Jesus, his Saviour, caused great rejoicing throughout the camp. The Mono jubilee song never seemed more precious. The oldest and one of the most influential Mono chiefs had entered Beulah Land to walk in the Jesus Road forever and ever.

II

ARIZONA DAYS

I

SAALAKO

TUSAYAN boasts of no prouder village than Walpi. Its terraced roofs surmount the highest pinnacle of First Mesa, lofty and severe in outline, a landmark well worth a long journey to see.

In this ancient stronghold of the Hopi Indians¹ the Snake clan is the oldest and most influential. Priestess of this order, by birthright, is Saalako. Around her cluster the most ancient traditions of Hopiland. The present Snake chief of Walpi is her son, Qöyahwiyma; before him, Kopeli, her older son, was chief until his death; and preceding him, Saalako's husband, Supela, was Snake chief four years. Her connection with the leading Snake family gave her an intimate knowledge of the secrets of the order. It was her duty to brew the "medicine" which the Snake priests drank after their hideous ceremonies. She led the women in their infamous *mamzrauti* dances. The honor and respect paid her by the Walpi people, because of her wisdom and her rank, cannot be measured with words. In the aristocracy of Hopiland she occupied first place.

A few years ago Saalako forfeited her exalted

¹ See table on page 112 for statistical material with regard to Hopi Indian missions.

position in Walpi, for she has become a Christian. Consequently there are heathen mothers in Tusayan who tell their children that old Saalako is a witch.

The story of the redemption of this remarkable Hopi woman, whose fame is equal to that of Nampeyo, the pottery-maker of Tewa, as she told it to the writer one autumn afternoon, forms one of those golden chapters in the history of missions which reveal the power of Christianity to liberate humankind from the most enslaving traditions and the darkest superstitions.

Poshumi, the devil chief of Walpi, and noted as a grower of corn, was Saalako's father. His ceremonial duties had to do with making known the wishes of the underworld-god. Her mother was Nakwyumsi, a maker of pottery. But more powerful among the Walpians than either Poshumi or Nakwyumsi was Kwuiyahwisni, the old Snake priestess, Saalako's aunt.

No one today knows the age of Saalako. Even she has no conception of it. The Hopi have no calendars. But as a child she lived through many Navajo, Apache, and Ute raids. She can relate many stories of the attacks of hostile tribes upon the mesa villages. Here is one:

One day the Walpians were gathered at a feast called Ko-chets-ka-vi when suddenly the watchers cried out that a band of horsemen were drawing near. The Hopi warriors descended to the plains and in a prolonged battle with their Apache foes won a decisive victory, for only three Apaches went back to their own territory. Nearly every Hopi



Saalako, the old snake priestess of Walpi, Hopi,
Pueblo, Ariz.

went home with a scalp, and as they neared their village the women came out to meet the warriors at the foot of the mesa and escorted them to the plaza near the Dance Rock. A pow-wow was held and after the warriors had circled the Dance Rock for a time they went into the kiva or underground ceremonial chamber. For twenty days and nights the men who had been successful in taking the scalps of their enemies were given the freedom of the pueblo—a freedom that meant such license that the happy relations of many husbands and wives were rudely broken up. The law of the village forbade remonstrance by the injured husbands as their wives were taken from them. The warriors became the great men of the village and were appointed to the coveted positions of watchers of the trails during the night.

A girlhood romance which ended tragically has never been forgotten by Saalako. A boy whom she loved was suddenly taken from her sight forever by the dreaded disease of the desert, smallpox. Then a friend came to her with the love message of Supela (Spider-Running-Up-Web). She looked kindly upon his suit and as an evidence of her regard carried meal and *piki* (corn-wafers) to his home, and thereby expressed her willingness to work a month for Supela and all of his relatives according to Hopi custom. The grass tray of meal which she brought was made of white corn and was received by Supela's mother. All that day she labored at the mealing-stones grinding white corn. She was not a robust girl, and the prolonged exer-

tion drew so heavily upon her physical reserves that she was barely able to crawl to her bed upon the floor. No one spoke to her during that first day, nor was she noticed the next day while she continued her task at the grinding-stones. As dawn approached, on the morning of the third day, she attempted to rise as usual, but her aching muscles refused to obey her will at first. The supreme test of her loyalty to the man of her choice was at hand. She must get up and work until sundown grinding at the mealing-stones, using on this day the dark blue corn. She crawled to her place in the corner with the grave misgivings that she could not keep going until night.

Timidly she asked a member of the family for permission to go home for a little while.

"Not until we finish the wedding-garments will you go home."

There could be no other answer. Had Saalako given up she would have been turned loose upon the streets, an outcast. In the eyes of all Hopi she would have been no better than a coyote. Her parents would not have received her kindly. Shifting from house to house she would have been obliged to beg for her food.

Therefore she continued to grind all day, looking forward to sundown, when her friends would come with presents of trays of meal which, according to custom, would be returned on the following day heaped high with ears of corn.

The girl's probation at an end, the wedding ceremonies began at dawn of the fourth day, when rela-

tives of both families assembled at Supela's home to take part in the traditional head-washing of the bride and groom, each guest bringing a small quantity of water for the rinsing.

Supela knelt before a bowl prepared by his future mother-in-law, and Saalako knelt before a bowl prepared by her future mother-in-law. Their heads were washed while their young friends merrily tried to interrupt the ceremony from time to time by holding their own heads over the bowls. After the rinsing, the young bridal couple went out alone to the east side of the mesa and cast meal toward the rising sun. Then they returned to Supela's home as husband and wife.

Saalako's period of testing now barely had begun. While Supela's male relatives, in the kivas, spun the blanket and the sash from the cotton which Supela had provided for the adornment of his bride, Saalako was obliged to remain an occupant of his home, doing all the menial tasks for the large company. Supela's mother, his aunts, and his sisters, upon occasion, brought water in jars from the spring at the foot of the mesa, but their duties ended when that was done. Many times homesickness and fatigue drove Saalako almost to desperation when she was tempted to flee to her home. But the admonitions of her parents and of her aunt, the priestess, were not forgotten.

"Until your wedding-garments are made you must not leave your husband's house alone," they had cautioned her. "If you leave his house unattended, you will bear an evil name forever and

not only disgrace yourself, but put to shame your family as well."

Uncomplainingly Saalako accepted her daily tasks, creeping to her bed at night with little hope of sleeping on account of the violent cramps that seized her as soon as her lame muscles began to relax. Steadily she grew weaker because she heeded the warnings of her people to eat sparingly of the food lest the spinning be cursed. Once her mother brought her meal. Then the grinding, grinding continued during days that never seemed to end.

When at last Saalako received her bridal trousseau, lacking only the white moccasins because of the scarcity of buckskin, she went to her own home with Supela her husband. Henceforth the house they were to live in would be hers, and their children would take their descent from her. And in this territory, where woman's rights centuries ago became ancient history, she alone would have the right of separation, turning the man from her door in the event of domestic troubles.

The years passed.

One dark night Nuwawistiwa, the old chief of the Snake clan, feeble of sight and easily bewildered, fell over the edge of the high wall of the mesa and broke his neck. Because of this sudden termination of the old chief's career it was believed that a curse was upon that office. No man among the deceased's relatives could be found who would accept the *tiponi*, the badge of highest authority in the Snake clan.

During the years the power of Saalako had grown. She now shrewdly contrived to gain greater prestige and power for her family by annexing the *tiponi* of the Snake clan. Had she been a male it would have come to her by birthright. As neither of her two sons was old enough to assume the dignified role of Snake chief, she resorted to the irregular procedure of prevailing upon her husband, Supela, not of the Snake priesthood, to accept the Snake *tiponi* as chief of the order. At first he demurred. He did not care to accept an honor which Saalako's own brothers and uncles had spurned. But Saalako was persistent.

"If you will take the *tiponi* for four years, then Kopeli will be old enough," she urged. "And if you take it I will go down into the kiva with you and stay there four years, helping you in all the ceremonies."

Supela, yielding to Saalako's importunities, directed the Snake rituals four years. Saalako kept her promise and assisted him during every ceremony. Kopeli, her older son, succeeded Supela at the end of the four-year term of office.

Kopeli was a young man of handsome features and noble bearing. Dr. Walter Hough presents an intimate description of him in "Mesa Folk of Hopiland": "There was in Kopeli a dignity which commands respect. . . He was a notable figure." Dr. J. Walter Fewkes referred to him "as an excellent man, whose heart was good and whose speech was straight. . . It was through Kopeli's influence that the Snake dance at Walpi was the largest and

most striking of these weird ceremonies in the Hopi pueblos."

Kopeli likewise met a sudden and tragic end. He died of smallpox one day after the acute stages of the disease set in. Then it fell to the lot of Qö-yahwiyma, Saalako's second son, to direct the Snake ceremonies. He is the chief at the present time, and is known among the whites as "Harry."

Always with her husband when engaged in the Snake ceremonies, except on occasions when the presence of women was not permitted, Saalako became familiar with the Snake ritual and assisted her husband in teaching it to her sons. "The mystery which hangs around her," said Doctor Hough, author of "Mesa Folk in Hopiland," "is born of her connection with the fearful rites of the Snake cult and her store of knowledge which has been passed down from time immemorial by 'living words from lips long dust.' This connection carries her to the distant pueblos to mix the 'medicine' (used as an emetic after the Snake dance), no one in the whole province being better versed in herbs and spells than she. . . A remarkable Hopi woman whose history is worthy of fuller presentation."

When the general massacre of the Awatobians by the Walpians was in progress the life of one of Saalako's maternal ancestors, a woman chief, was spared on condition that she teach the women of Walpi the *mamzrauti* or woman's dances. From her famous aunt, Kwuiyahwisni, Saalako learned the weird songs and rituals couched in the "an-

cient " language. When Supela became Snake chief Saalako attained to the position of chieftess of the woman's dance.

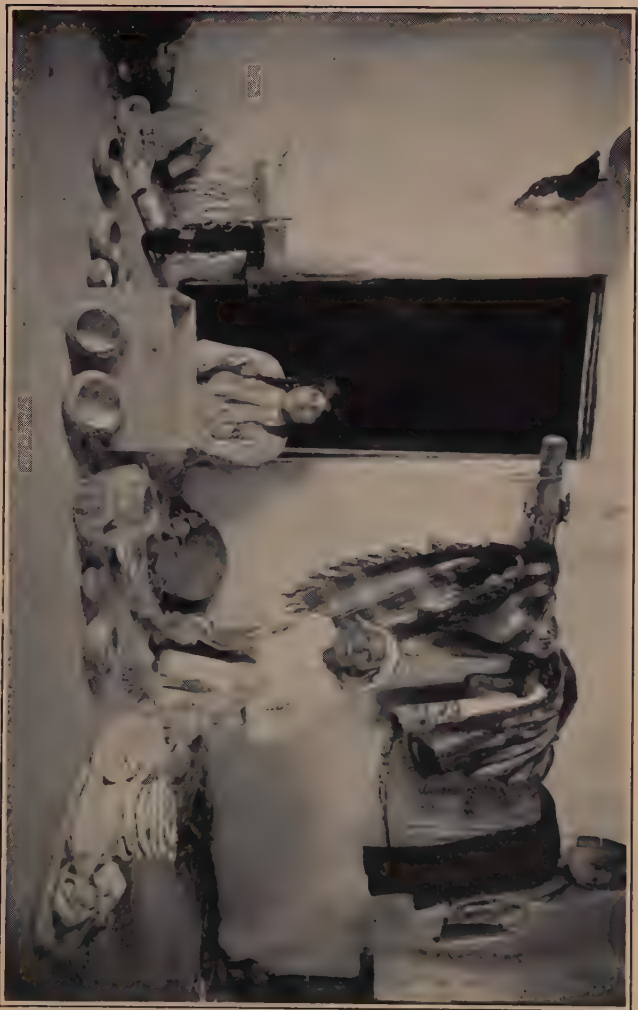
The *mamzrauti* was a particularly obscene dance even for a Hopi ceremony. For many days prior to the dance proper, which was given in the plaza where all of the Walpian public religious ceremonies occur, the novices repaired to the kiva to be drilled by Saalako. Late each night they remained there engaging in the "dark ways" which Saalako never has ceased to deplore.

In time Saalako came under an influence stronger than her passion for power and the adulation of her people. When the white women, with the happy faces and kind voices, who spoke of the Jesus Road, first came to her village, she looked upon them with disdain. Then a resentment, fanned by her jealousy, burned within her when she learned that men and women of her own village and of the other pueblos were turning away from "the old Hopi way" and were heeding the words of the missionaries. When these same white women spoke to her she turned a deaf ear to their pleading. But gradually a wonderful change took place in her heart. The kindness of the missionaries, as in daily living they endeavored to interpret the Master's love, drove all the bitterness out of her heart. She began to visit the missionaries and the Hopi Christians who had formed a new community at the foot of the mesa.

The Hopi Christians, who had started on the "Jesus Road," found that they could not continue

to live in the old pueblos, or Indian villages on the mesas. Persecutions made life unbearable and the immoral conditions that surrounded them became intolerable for Christians, and especially for their children. Gradually, therefore, as they left the "old way" for the new and better mode of living the Indians formed a new village at the base of the mesas, and there built better homes under more wholesome surroundings. The improved conditions from a purely physical point of view were clearly revealed during the prevalence of Spanish influenza a few years ago. In some of the mesa villages the deaths were so numerous that the medicine-men refused to enter a home for fear of their own lives. The Indian agent was untiring in his determination to stem the ravages of the epidemic, and for a time increased his hospital corps by enlisting the help of the missionaries as field nurses. But in the airy, clean homes of the Christians not one death occurred. And during the long period of the "flu" the Christian Indians did a very remarkable thing. They could not meet in their chapels, but each family conducted church services at home. They dressed as if for public worship, taught the children what Bible lessons they could remember, and made their weekly offerings, which later they brought to the church when the quarantine was lifted.

Saalako's decision to break away from heathendom was made with a suddenness that produced a profound sensation in Walpi. This happened one afternoon when she was passing through the little settlement of enlightened Hopi at the foot of First



Heathen Hopi home.

Mesa and observed the bright, happy faces of the members of the new order. She noted the contentment in the homes where husbands were loyal to wives and wives to husbands, and where the children were not compelled to witness the immoralities that attend many of the pagan festivities, especially the *mamzrauti*, of whose secret rites she was the chief custodian. It happened that some of the preparatory ceremonies of the *mamzrauti* or woman's dance were scheduled for that night. Climbing the tortuous trail to Walpi, the "Place of the Gap," she descended the ladder that led to the bottom of the kiva where the women of the *mamzrauti* and the novices were assembled. The women were in scanty attire ready for the public dance, their bare limbs striped with the black smut from the growing corn.

"This is the last of the *mamzrauti*," declared the aged priestess. "I am through with the dark things that destroy the happiness of our wives and husbands and break up our homes. Today I go from the kiva free."

The *mamzrauti* is now a dead order in Walpi. Even Qöyahwiyma, the chief of the Snake clan, though he may use all the appeals he may have art to contrive, cannot persuade his mother to give up its secrets so that others may sing the songs and conduct the dances.

Saalako is "free." White friends have given her a little stone house at the foot of the mesa. She is an active member of the mission church, is helpful in the homes where Christian guidance is lacking,

and is doing what she can to bring about better moral conditions among the mesa people.

One day a young woman worker, not long a resident at the Baptist mission house at First Mesa, was engaged in certain domestic duties out-of-doors when she heard a sound which she could not define or locate. At first she gauged its direction as coming from a deep wash paralleling the road that ran past the church and mission house. She pictured to herself some one groaning in pain at the bottom of the arroyo. Then she noticed that one of the chapel doors was open. Stepping inside she beheld Saalako's bowed form near the front of the church. The aged woman was alone and praying. Later the young missionary learned that Saalako does not fail to spend some portion of each day in the little Hopi chapel in earnest prayer in behalf of her people who are still waiting for the light.

II

GOOD LITTLE BROTHERS OF TUSAYAN

ACROSS the grim, desolate wastes of the Navajo desert, under the crumpling heat of an August sun, from railway-stations, ranches, mining-camps, and government agencies, hundreds of white people journey each year to witness that strangest of all Hopi religious ceremonies, the Snake dance.

The mysterious, occult power which the Hopi Snake priests are supposed to exercise over venomous reptiles is the magnet that is drawing an increasingly larger number of tourists to the remote villages of the Hopi Indians each year. The outstanding feature of the Snake dance is the surprising fearlessness with which the priests, with naked bodies hideously smeared with red, white, and black paints, carry deadly serpents in their mouths as well as in their hands, finally releasing them to go as willing bearers of Hopi prayers to the underworld where, according to pagan belief, the great plumed serpent that causes the rain to fall has his dwelling.

"The white visitors are dazed at the incredible scene," wrote a newspaper correspondent last summer after viewing the spectacle at Hotevilla. "No one who has not seen it would believe that these men can be so thoroughly indifferent to the serpent's

venom. Several of the dancers reel and stagger, but catch themselves as they gyrate with the tangled snarl of serpents in their hands."

"How is it that these priests, some of whom are mere infants, are not bitten and do not die from the wounds of the rattlesnake?" one of our most widely known scientists has inquired.

Fairly representative of the local opinion as to the immunity of the Snake priests is the following statement made by a druggist who has resided in Holbrook, Arizona, for eighteen years:

"The Hopi Snake priests do nothing to destroy the poison-sacs of the serpents. They think too much of them to do that. They look upon them with reverence and let them go unharmed back to their homes. Sometimes they are bitten, but as they fast before the Snake dance and take a powerful emetic after the dance, they suffer no harm."

"I do not think any adequate explanation of the immunity of the dancers has been advanced," said an ex-President of the United States after he had witnessed the Snake dance and its attending ceremonies.

There is, however, one source of information which hardly can be ignored by one seeking knowledge concerning the ancient religious rites of the Hopi. We refer to those groups of progressive Indians who have been led by our missionaries to forsake the "old Hopi way" and walk in the "Jesus Road." With respect to these Hopi Christians the late Theodore Roosevelt said, "I came across a congregation of some thirty members, and from in-

formation given me I am convinced that these converts stood in all ways ahead of their heathen brethren."

Judge Hooker Hongeva is one of the leading Hopi Christians at the mission beneath old Walpi, the "Place of the Gap." The United States Government has honored him with the office of "Indian judge" for the three Hopi villages at First Mesa, namely, Tewa, Sichumovi, and Walpi. In 1902, prior to his acceptance of Christ, he was appointed chief of Sichumovi by the Indian agent by reason of his great influence among the Hopi. His commission, elevating him to the position of highest honor in the village, is one of the judge's most valued possessions.

During many years before his conversion, Hongeva's versatile genius had been a factor in the enrichment of many of the ceremonial Hopi dances and festivities. Recognizing him as one deeply versed in Hopi traditions, Dr. J. Walter Fewkes secured his consent to paint numerous Hopi deities (*kachinas*) to form a part of a permanent record for the Bureau of American Ethnology.

"God chose me from among the members of the Snake clan for something," Judge Hongeva declared to the writer with conviction. "In the old Hopi way everything is done in darkness; in the Jesus Road nothing is hidden."

The judge did not hesitate to lay bare the deception which he claims the priests of the Snake clan have practised for years. To maintain a position of influence among the Hopi a priest strives to be

thought a man possessing supernatural powers. To this end, declared Judge Hongeva, the Snake priests first secretly render the rattlesnakes harmless and then proclaim them as their good little brothers and handle them with impunity.

Judge Hongeva told of the way three white men were permitted by the Snake priests of First Mesa to witness the capture of a rattlesnake during a ceremonial hunt, and his story was translated by Steve Quonestiwa, of Second Mesa, a Hopi who has been employed as an interpreter for many years by government officials, scientists, and missionaries. The judge said:

"After our ancient custom we spend one day in kiva (Hopi ceremonial chamber), then we hunt snakes to the north. We get some and take them to kiva. Next day we hunt to the west and take several snakes to kiva when sun goes down. Next day we go out to the south. Before we get to Five Houses we see three white men riding on horseback. They say they come out to see the snake-hunt. They say they been sent by government agent.

"All the Hopi say 'No' to white men.

"They say, 'We must! we are sent by agent. We must tell Washington if it is true that you catch rattlesnakes with your hands.'

"The old men cry. They very sorry because everybody might know about it. We hold pow-wow with white men, and they say they must go with us as they have orders. One man was a doctor, one man a carpenter, and one is Indian trader. We all feel very bad.

"Then I say to rest of Snake men, 'Let some of us go with white men, and some go to another part of the valley where we will fix snake and put him under a sage-bush and call white men to see us catch him.'

"Then old man named Mahkiwa, he died last year, he say: 'I have a big snake in my bag. I go.'

"The rattlesnake in Mahkiwa's bag has poison-sac cut out and teeth all broken down, and he can fight no more. He very harmless snake. Mahkiwa say he will put him under bush for white men, and then we all come with white men and find him.

"In this way we fool white men; we make a circle around them and want to hold big pow-wow. They say we must not make agent angry. We make close circle about them. Then Mahkiwa slide away when white men are looking in our faces talking loud all the time and very angry. We hold big pow-wow and make big noise too. Old men cry, and nobody hear Mahkiwa when he slide away into little valley with big snake in his bag.

"Mahkiwa puts snake under sage-brush and walks away and hides behind another bush. After long pow-wow we tell white men all right, we let them go on snake-hunt with us. Then all the Snake men and the white men scatter out in valley near Five Houses. One bunch of Indians go down into the valley where Mahkiwa is hiding, and when they pass near him old man get up and join in snake-hunt when white men are not looking. Then Indians scatter out to find snake. Pretty soon Mahkiwa call out, 'I found one!'

"Snake did not want to crawl away from the place where Mahkiwa put him. He too weak from having his fangs broke down and his poison-sacs cut out. He like it in shade.

"So everybody walked back to where Mahkiwa stood. The white men come and join Indians who make big circle around snake.

"The Snake men take corn-meal and throw some to snake. They throw corn-meal to the north, to the west, to the south, to the east, and to the sun, and to the underworld. They sing songs to the snake, and the three white men take meal and do the same thing.

"Old Mahkiwa come to snake with his *tsu-wu-wah-pi* (snake whip) to chase him out. But snake does not want to move. He act just like all snakes in snake dance. White men think snake is charmed. Pretty soon snake crawls out from under bush.

"'Look close!' Mahkiwa called out to white men.

"Old man grab snake close to his head and hold him up for white men to see. Then with eagle feathers he rub the snake the whole length of him. Then he put him in his bag.

"The white men say: 'Now we see with our own eyes. We believe Hopi Indian Snake men have a strong power over the snake, and we tell Washington the truth.'

"So white men see us catch rattlesnake."

Steve Quonestiwa is one of the picturesque Indian characters of sunny Mokiland. His uncle, Lomamba, a former snake chief of Shipaulovi, chose him as his successor and gave him a two-years'



Christian Hopi Indians on the trail to a heathen pueblo to hold a gospel street meeting.

training before the old man died and was buried among the rocks at the foot of Second Mesa. Steve's maternal aunt, who had the care of the boy, refused to take into her house the *tiponi*, the cherished bunch of feathers in which the god of the Snake clan is supposed to reside. Consequently it became an object of contention between the more ambitious Snake men of the village and finally became the property of the present Snake priest of this particular Hopi village.

Quonestiwa described for the writer the method of capturing the rattlesnakes employed by the Snake priests of Shipaulovi. At about ten o'clock in the morning of the first day of the ceremonial snake-hunt they filed down the trail leading northward, their naked bodies painted with a red earth brought from the Grand Cañon. The night had been spent in the kiva where the priests had engaged in preparatory ceremonies, sleeping heavily after smoking a weed used in honor of the god residing in the *tiponi*. Some carried sticks tipped with flat pieces of iron, while others carried hoes. The chief priest carried a bag of sacred meal and a special kit of bone instruments wrapped in a cloth.

Soon a hunter called out that he had discovered a rattlesnake. The priests surrounded the bush sheltering the serpent, and all Hopi present who were uninitiated into the Snake clan were ordered away. Then Chief Lomamba gave meal to his nephew and told him to throw some to the snake, after which he gave meal to the other Snake men.

Meal was thrown to the snake and to the sun. The priests chanted their prayers to the rain god and called upon the rattlesnake that had come from the underworld to be a good brother and not harm them. Had there been two snakes together, the Hopi would have ignored them, knowing that it is favorable to the gods to capture only the snakes that are found singly.

With a stick tipped with eagle feathers a priest succeeded in making the snake uncoil and crawl from under the bush, whereupon Lomamba commanded two men who were armed with sticks to make the capture. When the snake had been effectually pinned down a hoe was placed under its lower jaw. Then one of the hunters thrust into the snake's mouth one of the thin iron tools and by revolving the handle ever so slightly pried the creature's mouth wide open.

Kneeling in the sand, Lomamba commanded his apprentice to come near and watch his movements closely. Bending low the priest revealed to the boy the venom glands along both cheek bones of the serpent.

"What do you see?" asked Lomamba.

"I do not know," said Quonestiwa, the novice.

"You see bags holding poison. Now watch everything that I do."

From his roll of cloth Lomamba took a bone having a sharp hook at one end. With this instrument he slashed the rattler's venom glands.

After this ordeal the snake was released. It lay very still, as a "good little brother" should.

The chief called a young Hopi from a distance and commanded him to pick up the rattlesnake.

"The boy did not want him," said Steve Quonestiwa when relating the incident. "He cried and tried to beg off. But the priests circled around and sang to the snake and threw meal to him. Then they asked the snake not to hurt the boy, and by and by the boy picked him up."

The sensations of one compelled to pick up a live rattlesnake with his bare hands were described by Johnson, a prominent Christian Hopi of Oraibi.

"When I was a young man they took me into the Snake clan," related Johnson. "After I spent one night in the kiva I went out with the snake-hunters. We scattered out over a wide country. Pretty soon somebody called out that he had found a rattlesnake. They call me. I saw it under a bush. They tell me to pick up snake. The priest gave me a whip with feathers on the end and told me to drive the snake out from under the bush. He would not move. So men with hoes cut the bush down. Now I must pick up the snake. I am afraid to. I am surrounded by the old men, who weep and beg me to be brave. They say if I am a good Hopi the snake will not bite me. Then they throw meal to snake and pray to the snake not to hurt me. I work with my whip a long time to get the snake to run from me. Then I make a quick grab and hold snake up with my arm straight out. My arm trembled just like that (demonstrating) and the sweat rolled down my body. Then the priest took the snake and thanked him for not biting me. Then

he gave me a bag and told me to carry the snake the rest of the day. At sundown I carry him to kiva and put him in a jar with other snakes. When I got to be a Snake man I learned how to take away from rattlesnake his power to hurt anybody."

One morning the announcement was made from the roof of a dwelling on Second Mesa that the snake-hunt would begin that day, and all were admonished to call the priests whenever a rattlesnake should be found. Uwiykaka, a youth who had spent five years in the government school at Phoenix, heard the crier, but understood only a few of the Hopi words. He had left home so young and had been gone so long that he had forgotten how to converse in his native tongue.

Uwiykaka was accommodating. He wanted to see a good snake-dance with plenty of snakes. All day he hunted alone on the desert and returned to the village after sundown with one rattlesnake in the flour-sack in which he had carried his lunch. The Snake men already were assembled in the kiva or underground den, to continue their nightly ceremonies. Uwiykaka knew that he would not be permitted to enter the kiva, but at least he could throw down his sack as a love token to the rain gods.

"There's a snake for you," he called down through the hatchway. He was wholly sincere in his Hopi belief that the contribution would receive a loving welcome below.

As if a bomb with fuse burning had been hurled into their sacred chamber, the Snake men lost no time in climbing up the ladder to safety. The high

priest, first to venture within range of sudden death, gingerly seized the mouth of the sack and securely fastened it together with a cord. Then he sent a Snake man to Uwiykaka's home with the message that if Uwiykaka planned to continue the hunt he should call the priests to every snake he found so that they could show due reverence with the sacred meal and prayers. Uwiykaka's sister, who had been at school but had not forgotten the language of her tribe, dutifully interpreted this admonition to her brother, and probably this was the last time so great a number of Snake men at one time were stampeded by one rattlesnake in that pueblo.

III

THE NAVAJO'S GODS ARE SILENT

PHILIP, returning with the sheep after an absence of three days, found his brother's lifeless body lying on the ground inside the hogan. Without warning had come the Great Calamity. Ted, his brother and companion, had become a thing to be shunned. The Navajo youth threw a blanket over the object of his dread and fled from the log shelter.

To touch a body that had been dead three days, according to Navajo traditions, would bring a curse upon Philip. Furthermore, for him to bury a human body, however long dead, would compel him to desist from all work during a period of four days. The sheep, unshepherded, would scatter upon the desert to become the prey of wildcats, wolves, and coyotes. But he could leave the sheep one day with the dogs. At nightfall he must be with them again. To secure assistance in the burial of his brother's body was the immediate task, and he was many miles from help.

At daybreak next morning Philip took the shortest trail to the home of Hosteen Nez, a Navajo chief, to ask that dignitary to intercede with the Indian agent to the end that white men would be sent to

bury the body that had lain dead three days. He also interviewed Belasighi, another chief. But neither head man could get the government aid for Philip in his plan to escape The Curse. As the Navajo were an independent, self-supporting people, the burying of their dead was not on the list of activities undertaken by Uncle Sam in their behalf.

There was one way left for Philip. He could go to the Baptist missionary, Lee Thayer,¹ who never refused to bury the dead. During two severe epidemics all Navajo living within fifty miles and more of the missionary's headquarters at Keam's Cañon had been convinced of that. For many weeks the missionary had been driving his automobile night and day to reach the most distressing cases of need.

Philip hurried to the missionary's home and stated his errand. Thayer learned that it would be impossible to reach the distant sheep-camp by automobile, but set out at once on horseback with the Navajo boy. They rode fifteen miles over a rough trail to the top of some bluffs. Here the boy halted and pointed down at a hogan at the foot of the slope. He refused to go farther, and Thayer understood the Indian nature too well to press him unduly.

The missionary made camp, cooked a meal, and then with pick and shovel went down to begin his task alone.

¹ See table on page 112 for statistical material with regard to Navajo Indian Mission.

Has there taken place elsewhere such a burial as this? Acting as grave-digger, pall-bearer, undertaker, minister, chief mourner, and sympathizing friend, this missionary to a superstitious people has performed many of these lonely tasks in the Big Country where no record is made of broken hearts by a sympathetic hand.

The grave was dug; then the body, wrapped in its blanket, was lowered to its final resting-place within the hogan. When the prayer was spoken and the shallow grave filled, the missionary closed the entrance of the abandoned habitation with poles to prevent marauding coyotes from digging up the body. When he walked to the top of the bluffs he found Philip reclining at his ease indifferently smoking a cigaret. The affair that had taken place at the bottom of the slope, apparently, was of no moment to the Navajo. That is the way with an Indian. Yet somewhere, deep in the heart of the youth, an impression must have been made. Countless acts of kindness of this character have served to give Lee Thayer a very high place in the estimation of red men and whites on the Navajo Reservation.

A party of three that visited Lee Thayer's field recently remained long enough to obtain a fairly accurate idea of the extent and nature of the Navajo work. On one of the long trips by automobile it was demonstrated to the satisfaction of the visitors that a pick and shovel are a necessary part of this pastor's permanent equipment for the service his unusual field demands.



The Navajo hogan. The home of a nomadic people.

Over the divide from Piñon to the Oraibi Valley is a ride not quickly forgotten. Trails over which the camp-wagons of the nomadic Navajo sheep-owners may go with impunity may be well-nigh impossible for the automobilist. Before the level floor of the valley was reached both Kinney and Morton were ready to confer upon Thayer the title of "master driver of the world." After negotiating every rocky barrier over the divide, the car was nearly stalled by tumble-weeds, well cured by the sun, that piled many feet high in front of the engine's hood. After escaping from these circus performers of the vegetable world, a good road was encountered. The mesa upon which Oraibi, one of the ancient and most interesting villages of the Hopi, is built, thrust its rugged summit out of the desert ten miles ahead.

Just before crossing the line separating the Navajo territory from Hopiland the missionary stopped his car. He pointed to a saddle lying upon the ground a short distance to the left. Without comment he removed pick and shovel from the tonneau. The others followed him.

The saddle was an old one and badly wrinkled from exposure to rain and sun; near it was the skull of a horse, a primitive irrigating-hoe such as the Navajo and Hopi use, and near the hoe was an old coat, from one sleeve of which protruded the skeleton fingers of a hand. Further search revealed a human skull half-hidden in a small hole in the ground twenty feet from the coat. Scattered everywhere were other bones of beast and man, gruesome

evidences of a tragedy that had occurred over twelve months before.

A Navajo riding homeward from his corn-field during a thunder-storm had been struck down by lightning, his horse being killed by the same stroke. The dead bodies of horse and rider remained in the same relative positions until the coyotes began their work. No member of the victim's family, no friend, dared touch the remains. A curse rested upon the ground where he fell, and a new trail was broken out around the dreadful spot to give the superstitious folk a path safe from their fears.

It remained for the missionary on one of his more extended trips to dig a grave and perform a service unrequested and unrecorded. On this occasion his labors were lightened, for he had the assistance of his visitors.

The Navajo have many well-defined deities, nature gods and animal gods, local gods and gods that are distant; they have a vast mythical and legendary lore and hundreds of formulas for the preservation of life and happiness on earth; their religious ceremonies are replete with songs and prayers which must be learned and repeated in the most exact manner; but in the presence of death they are helpless.

To lead this people out from enslaving superstitions into the freedom which the gospel alone makes possible is a task to which the churches have addressed themselves. With patience, devotion, and God-given heroism missionaries representing the Baptist and other denominations are at work among

them. These men and women are far from the centers of population; the problems they must solve are unknown to the great majority of Christian workers; they are alone. Let us not forget them, but by our conscious remembrance of them, make them more truly what they are—our own hearts and heads and hands about His business.

BAPTIST WORK AMONG CURRENT DATA, 1921

TRIBE OR BAND	CHURCH	Year Organized	Total Baptisms	Present Membership	Children in School
OKLAHOMA					
1 Kiowa	Rainy Mountain	1894	381	202	129
2 Kiowa	Elk Creek	1894	58	50	25
3 Comanche	First	1895		240	
4 Cheyenne	First	1896	192	86	65
5 Cheyenne	Second	1898		79	180
6 Arapaho	First	1898		165	
7 Kiowa	Saddle Mountain	1903	150	195	
8 Kiowa	Red Stone	1905	158	127	58
9 Apache	First Apache	1908	53	65	22
10 Caddo, etc.	Sugar Creek	1908	202	148	200
11 Various tribes	Bacone College	1912	316	210	200
12 Cheyenne and Arapaho	Calumet	1913	113	153	40
13 Concho Indian School	Concho				
MONTANA					
14 Crow	Lodge Grass	1906	140	110	45
15 Crow	Wyola	1913	16	16	32
16 Crow	Pryor	1917	57	57	48
17 Crow	Absaroka	1920	57	57	42
18 Crow	Black Lodge				44
19 Crow	Reno				65
ARIZONA					
20 Hopi	Second Mesa	1904	38	28	18
21 Hopi	First Mesa	1907	49	38	20
22 Navajo	Keams Cañon	1912	4	4	1
CALIFORNIA					
Mono Tribe Band					
23 Big Sandy	Auberry	1910	100	89	34
24 Cold Spring	Sycamore	1913	75	65	
25 Table Mountain	Table Mountain	1914	39	26	
26 Ty-wa-gee	Dunlap	1914	152	39	
27 Nipinnawasee	Nipinnawasee	1918	23	21	
28 Chuckchansi	Coarse Gold	1918	55	31	
NEVADA					
29 Paiute	Fallon	1920	41	44	57
30 Paiute	Wadsworth	1921			29
31 Washoe	Carson City	1921			20
32 Washoe	Gardnersville	1921			30
ALASKA					
33 Kodiak Orphanage, Wood Island		1892			40
Total			2,349	1,234 ¹	1,404

¹ To get the total of Indian Baptist church-members in the United States, add to this the following: Massachusetts, 76; New York, 506; Oklahoma, "Civilized Tribes," total, 4,500. Total, in United States, 7,427.

AMERICAN INDIANS

Compiled by L. C. BARNES, D. D.

Raised for Local Ex- penses	Gifts to Missions	Acres Cultivated	MISSIONARY	POST-OFFICE	Year of Appointment
				OKLAHOMA	
\$1,197.68	\$64.00	2,780	F. L. King	Mountain View	1898 1
250.00	25.00	760	F. L. King	Mountain View	1898 2
.....			E. C. Deyo	Lawton	1893 3
350.00	25.00	3,500	G. W. Hicks	Calumet	1920 4
660.00		300	{ T. J. Davis ...	Watonga	1917 5
223.80	62.08		{ T. J. Davis ...	Watonga	1917 6
477.73	74.73	1,270	William I. Parks ..	Saddle Mountain	1919 7
12.00	5.00	800	Harry H. Treat ..	Anardarko	1907 8
100.00	90.00		Harry H. Treat ..	Anardarko	1907 9
.....	5,000.00	160	W. A. Wilkin ...	Wichita Mission	1904 10
275.00	45.00	4,300	B. D. Weeks ...	Bacone College	1917 11
.....		200	G. W. Hicks	Calumet	1913 12
.....			G. W. Hicks	Calumet	1920 13
				MONTANA	
425.00	280.00		W. A. Petzoldt ..	Lodge Grass	1903 14
700.00	125.00		W. A. Petzoldt ..	Lodge Grass	1903 15
250.00	225.00		George E. Black ..	Pryor	1920 16
360.00	180.00		W. A. Petzoldt ..	Lodge Grass	1903 17
850.00	100.00		W. A. Petzoldt ..	Lodge Grass	1903 18
750.00	100.00		W. A. Petzoldt ..	Lodge Grass	1903 19
				ARIZONA	
95.06	422.20	350	Lee I. Thayer ...	Keams Cañon	1907 20
16.47	243.07	300	Lee I. Thayer ...	Keams Cañon	1907 21
.....	95.90		Lee I. Thayer ...	Keams Cañon	1907 22
				CALIFORNIA	
187.25	46.75		J. G. Brendel ...	Clovis	1915 23
63.40			J. G. Brendel ...	Clovis	1915 24
46.75			J. G. Brendel ...	Clovis	1915 25
85.20	364.60		J. G. Brendel ...	Clovis	1915 26
91.20			Neas-je-gar-gath ..	Coarse Gold	1917 27
84.00			Neas-je-gar-gath ..	Coarse Gold	1917 28
				NEVADA	
12.87	89.00	1,500	J. Winfield Scott .	Reno	1921 29
.....			J. Winfield Scott .	Reno	1921 30
.....			J. Winfield Scott .	Reno	1921 31
.....			J. Winfield Scott .	Reno	1921 32
				ALASKA	
.....			George A. Learn .	Kodiak, Wood Island ..	1908 33
\$7,133.61	\$7,662.33	16,220			

The great majority of the 5,000 Baptist members in Mexico are largely of Indian blood. The same is true of the 780 in Central America, so that in North America we have about 13,500 original American members and at least three times as many adherents.

III

THE CALL OF MOUNTAIN AND PRAIRIE

I

RELIGIOUS DESTITUTION IN REMOTE AREAS

TODAY there are many sections in the mountainous regions of the West and Northwest where hundreds of people cannot attend a religious service, not even a Sunday school, without traveling from twenty to fifty miles over mountain ranges, because no service is held nearer. Most of this territory is back from the railroads, or on branch lines only. But there are in these remote sections many rich and productive valleys and numerous mining-camps. The valleys, while thoroughly isolated, generally are thickly settled by miners, farmers, and stock-growers. Because of their isolation, and sometimes because of severe climate, these valleys have been overlooked and neglected by pastor and missionary, and so the religious destitution exists.

One of these counties has an area of more than 5,000 square miles, and yet religious work is carried on in only four or five places in the entire county. Out of the twenty-four school districts in the county, twenty-one are without religious work of any kind. Another county has an area of 4,600 square miles, and out of the eighteen school districts only three have any religious work carried on in a regular way. These concrete examples of

religious destitution emphasize the need of home-mission work yet to be done in the West.

"My field is a large one, demanding a man's full time," declared a Baptist missionary pastor in Nebraska a few weeks ago. "I wish to assure any inquirer who likes to do a pioneer work that he need not fear lonesomeness in these sand-hills, as there are calls for one's service every minute of the day, and often at night. He must construct his sermons on the road and on the move. He has little time to sit at the desk. Sometimes when he feels like reaching for the brakes, so many needs arise to plead in Macedonian fashion that before he knows it—like Paul—the love of Christ constrains him, and he is on the go again. The writer of a recent article in one of our papers asks if any more of our old pioneer Christian work is being done. I wish he would come over and help us—he would not question as to the existence of pioneer work.

"Baptist pastors are scarce around here, and one longs at times to meet one. I am the only Baptist preacher for two hundred miles east and west. We desire the prayers of God's people that every nook and corner of this great field be reached."

These fields call for a special type of manhood. If a man has devotion, grit, aggressiveness, love for hard work, and a missionary spirit, he will find opportunities out in these fields that will make his heart rejoice. If he is the right sort of man, possessed of consecration and tact, he will find a hearty welcome awaiting him and a ready response upon the part of those to whom he brings the glad news.

Here is a sample two-weeks' schedule of one of our own missionary pastors in Idaho undertaken before the automobile was introduced in a general way on remote mission fields:

On Tuesday morning the missionary left Bellevue for Soldier, thirty-five miles to the west, and preached at that church Tuesday night. Wednesday he drove the thirty-five miles back to Bellevue and conducted the church prayer-meeting. On Thursday he drove from Bellevue to Carey, twenty-two miles to the southeast, and conducted the prayer-meeting at that church. Friday he started for the Lost River Valley to the east, driving the first day to Dead Man's Flat, twenty-five miles. On Saturday he drove from Dead Man's Flat to Lost River, forty-five miles, and preached Sunday morning and evening at Lost River and at an outstation in the afternoon. Monday was given to doing pastoral work on Lost River. Tuesday he drove back as far as Dead Man's Flat, forty-five miles. Wednesday he drove from Dead Man's Flat to Picabo, thirty-two miles, and conducted prayer-meeting with that church. Thursday he traveled from Picabo to Carey for the purpose of conducting a prayer-meeting there. Friday and Saturday were given to pastoral work at Picabo and Carey. On Sunday morning he preached at Carey, drove seven miles to Picabo for an afternoon service, and then drove fifteen miles to Bellevue for the evening service. Monday was given to pastoral work in Bellevue, and on Tuesday morning he again started for Soldier on his regular two-weeks' schedule.

This required him to drive 268 miles between regular points, and necessitated having at his disposal three or four teams. The extra pastoral work and side-trips required from fifty to seventy-five miles additional travel, so during the two weeks he traveled regularly by team from 300 to 350 miles, cared for five organized churches, and two or three outstations, preached seven or eight sermons, and conducted eight prayer-meetings. This might be considered a fairly busy period. During one calendar year, by actual record, he had his team hitched up every day in the year, including holidays, to drive somewhere in the interest of his work as a missionary. Yet there was not an overlapping of denominational lines in this territory, which at that time was almost destitute of workers.

When so much of the missionary's time was taken up on the road, in making calls and conducting services, what time was there left for study? The question can be answered briefly—the missionary spent little time in his study during those early days. And was his efficiency as a preacher lessened accordingly? The testimony of those most familiar with the missionary's preaching accords with one pioneer's declaration, "He was a good preacher just the same."

How did the missionary overcome the tremendous obstacle of no time for sermonizing? In the first place, he had a remarkable amount of the Scriptures stored in memory as a result of the thoroughgoing religious training which he had received at home. Then he memorized chapter after chapter



Oregon lumberman. Among the neglected folks.



A Rocky Mountain railroad section gang often visited by one of our colporter-missionaries.

of the Bible while going on his rounds. He did this systematically. He would analyze each chapter, memorize the outline, and then the contents of the chapter. He memorized the contents of a book by chapters. Sometimes he spoke in a schoolhouse where there were no lights, which necessitated his repeating from memory a passage of Scripture. But this was only one of the advantages of his system of Bible study. When endeavoring to present the gospel in conversation with unsaved men and women he had ready-to-hand material from the Bible to apply when needed.

For homiletical material he used the best things which came under his notice every day. His theological school was the school of observation and experience conducted in the big out-of-doors where he came in contact with a people whose efforts were constantly pitted against the passive resistance of one of America's most fiercely rugged frontiers. His message was always one fitted to the audience which he found waiting for him. An afternoon or evening service in some remote schoolhouse furnished him only another opportunity to make application of one of several texts which he might have been using during his conversations that day with men and women whom he had met in their homes, in the hay-fields, in lonely mining-camps, or on the desert trail.

He tried earnestly to let no opportunity pass by to speak a word for his Master. His habit of going to the Scriptures for light in the solution of every personal problem has been characteristic of his

work all the way along. The habit led to many striking victories.

This missionary was being entertained at supper in a certain home in an isolated community one day late in November. That night he was to preach in the schoolhouse. In that home there was a girl about twelve years of age who was in high feather because she was going to be "dressed up" for the first time in five months. The mother got out her daughter's best dress, which had not been worn since the Fourth of July. The little United States flag still clung to it. There had been no occasion to dress the child in her finery since the Fourth of July celebration, and it was late in November. It was an epitome of the whole situation—no Sunday. Now in that community today—after the coming of the home missionary—the boys and girls are dressed up and go to church every Sunday.

Eighty-five miles from Bellevue is the Hagerman Valley. The missionary, learning of the need of the gospel in that section, thought it not too far to drive over and do a bit of prospecting. He held meetings in the schoolhouses of the valley. He was instrumental in organizing a church which still is prospering. One night he was in a schoolhouse holding a meeting. It was a very small building. At the close of the service he went back to the door to shake hands with the people. A young woman with a baby in her arms was passing out when another woman spoke to her.

"That was a good sermon."

"Was it?" replied the woman carrying the baby.

"To tell you the truth I don't know how to judge sermons. That was the first sermon I ever heard."

The nearest regular church service was thirty miles away. The missionary felt repaid. He was glad that he had driven eighty-five miles to give the gospel story to a young mother who had never heard a sermon.

Whatever these frontier people have they give freely for the religious development of their communities. Among the many remarkable characters discovered by the Idaho missionary pastor just referred to were Adam Ifland and his wife Mary, of Silver Creek Valley. They came from Kansas in an early day and located on a homestead near the present town of Picabo. They were industrious and thrifty, and it was not long before they owned one of the best ranches in the valley. Inasmuch as they found themselves in a godless community their hearts were profoundly stirred, and until they did something to relieve the situation they enjoyed no peace of mind or contentment. Accordingly they started a Sunday school in a little log house that stood near the old emigrant trail. The shanty was devoid of all furniture and the chinking had fallen out from between the logs. The neighbors who gathered in the building on a Sunday afternoon could look through the cracks and tell who was coming.

Adam Ifland heard that the Baptist preacher at Bellevue was willing to do missionary work elsewhere.

"I will go up and see this preacher and persuade

him to hold some meetings here," he said to Mary, his good wife.

He drove eighteen miles with his mule-team and met the missionary. Ifland told him about the situation in Silver Creek Valley and asked him to come to their help.

At the earliest opportunity the missionary went down and began a series of meetings in a rude structure called the Le Duc schoolhouse. He was entertained by Adam and Mary Ifland in their humble frontier home, built on a hillside.

Although it was a cold winter, people rode in to church from great distances. The people of the immediate community greatly rejoiced in the meetings, which went on with power, resulting in not a few conversions. In time arrangements were made to hold Sunday school in the Le Duc schoolhouse and steps were taken to organize a church.

In the meantime a friendship sprang up between the missionary and Adam and Mary Ifland which has ripened with the years. And this was no ordinary friendship. It was beautiful. The Ifland home came to mean for the missionary something more than a stopping-place. It became his home. He turned to it for perfect rest and friendly peace. Here he found unreserved sympathy and confidence. In the house of Adam and Mary and their son Walter he threw aside restraint and became a boy again. Mrs. Ifland mothered him as she would have done were he an actual son. She mended his clothes, sewed on his buttons, cared for his laundry, cooked the fish he caught and the sage-hens he shot, pro-

vided him with good meals to take on his long drives, and nursed him when he was sick. The quiet, restful constancy of these devoted friends was a sustaining force in the young man's life during the strenuous years of his early ministry. It was spiritually recreating to sit at their fireside and review all of the experiences, both inspiring and depressing, which had been his since his previous visit to Silver Creek Valley.

If the missionary required a fresh team to take him to Camas Prairie or Big Lost River he knew he could get it at Iflands'. If his buggy broke down he knew he could get another at Iflands'. Adam made him a remarkable cutter at his own forge, which is almost in as good condition today as it was twenty-three years ago. This cutter was at the old Ifland ranch when the writer saw it, and it looked capable of carrying a missionary on his rounds for many years to come.

Adam Ifland would have given away his farm sooner than deny the missionary a horse if the latter needed one. Yet he had a quaint habit of grumbling about his absent horses.

"Now, Adam," admonished Mary, "you know the preacher must have that horse."

"He'll have to pay for it," declared Adam, who didn't care a fig about the horse, but to hear his wife talk about "the preacher" was music to his ears. "If he don't, I won't let him have another."

"Now, Adam, ain't you ashamed?"

Then Adam would chuckle softly to himself and subside.

II

VICTORY ON LITTLE LOST

ONE day word came from the Little Lost River Valley that some gospel meetings in that remote section of Idaho would be appreciated. The Little Lost River schoolhouse was one hundred and twenty-five miles from the home of the missionary. Would he come? To reach the place he must drive across a desert country and over a range of mountains. He wrote that he would come.

After the long difficult drive he arrived at the Hawley Ranch, which at that time was rented by a man named George Walker. This was at four o'clock in the afternoon of the third day of travel. He was heartily welcomed by Mrs. Walker, and shortly afterward met the four Walker children and their school-teacher, Miss Hattie Moe, an estimable young woman who had received her education in the Presbyterian school at Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

Round-eyed with curiosity, the two younger Walker children sized up the preacher and then began to beg their mother to allow them to get ready for church at once. No supper for them! Excitement had very effectually banished their appetites.

The four-mile trip was made to the schoolhouse in a lumber-wagon, and the party consisted of the

excited children, the father and mother, the school-ma'am, and the missionary.

When the party got back to the ranchhouse a fire was built, and all sat about the stove to get warm before going to bed. For some time an unbroken quietness prevailed. At length the mother spoke:

"It is impossible for any one to know what this night means to me," she said. "It has been fourteen years since I have been to church. And during all this time I have longed for an occasion like this. There has not been a church service closer than twenty miles from us during the fourteen years I have been here."

The very hunger in the woman's soul was revealed by her voice. The silence broken, the children were encouraged to speak.

The older girl, sixteen years of age, said that she never had been to a preaching service before. Once she had attended Sunday school thirty miles away when she was a guest at the home of her school-teacher. The child, next in age, a winsome girl of fourteen, said she did not know what a Sunday school was like. The father remained silent during it all. He was not a Christian. His thoughts were too deep for words that night.

It was close to the midnight hour before the good-nights were said. Wearied by the strenuous activities of a long day, the missionary went to sleep at once. How long he slept he did not know, but suddenly he found himself awake, listening to sounds in the kitchen. He could not believe it was time to dress. Striking a match, he looked at his

watch. It was two o'clock. And then he remembered hearing Mrs. Walker tell her older daughter that they would "do the supper dishes" after church. And there had been a stack of them. Mrs. Walker had provided supper not only for the members of her family, but for the preacher, the school-teacher, three or four hired men, two freighters, a traveler, and a gang of threshers. Hers was the first human habitation at the end of a long desert journey, and she turned no one away from her table.

Two o'clock in the morning and Mrs. Walker still washing dishes. The realization of her isolation and her longing during fourteen years for a chance to attend a gospel service stirred the missionary deeply as he waited for daylight. There could be no more sleep for him that night. He thought of the many settled communities elsewhere and of countless households enjoying their rest. Where the church-bells had rung that night, how many people had responded? We could well wish for some power to enable every one to feel as this young missionary felt that night.

Again and again the missionary's thoughts came back to this frontier woman who had been washing dishes from midnight until two o'clock in the morning because she wanted to travel four miles in a lumber-wagon to attend church, and this after cooking supper for a score of people.

Presently the house grew still. Two hours passed. Again there were noises in the kitchen. A woman's voice softly hummed a gospel hymn. It was four

o'clock and pitch dark, yet Mrs. Walker already had begun the tasks of another day.

The missionary remained in the Little Lost River Valley country two weeks, spending all of his nights at the Walker home. During this time Mrs. Walker missed but one service.

Among the first Little Lost River Valley converts were the Walker children. Then one night, soon afterward, the father yielded his heart to Christ, and joy without measure came to the Walker home.

Mr. Walker had been a hard drinker. As far back as the Walker girls could remember, their father's drunken return from Idaho Falls, whenever he went there for supplies, was an event to be dreaded. During the last week of the meetings Mr. Walker had occasion to drive to Idaho Falls. The trip necessitated an absence of two days. The prayers of the wife and missionary followed him. Would he be able to resist the awful temptation?

The missionary was at the ranch when Mrs. Walker caught sight of her husband coming back over the divide. He was in the room when the ranchman walked in with a swift, steady stride.

"I didn't touch a drop, mother!" he cried. "I've won my fight!"

He placed in the hand of his wife a Bible and a copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." When she saw these books and realized what the bringing of them meant to him, to her, and to the children, her heart welled up with a happiness too great to express. The missionary left the room, bearing with

him a vision of holy domestic joy which never will be effaced from his memory.

God permits some men to amass their millions, but he permits others to gather other riches—riches infinite and incalculable, and which neither moth nor rust can corrupt.

III

BLOCKING A FUNERAL

A MISSIONARY pastor-at-large, representing the American Baptist Home Mission Society, arrived unannounced in Ordway, Colorado, April 30, 1919, the day set by the few local Baptists to disband and close up the church. He appeared at the conference and suggested a series of revival meetings instead of a funeral. A few welcomed the suggestion, others demurred. Why a revival in the Baptist church? Hardly a person in town would come. Had not the Methodist church just closed its revival meetings which had resulted in several Baptists uniting with that church, giving as their excuse that the Baptists amounted to nothing? The best workers had moved away, there were not a dozen members left and not a business man among them and no families of influence at all—so they said. And in addition to all this the school board had taken over the church building and had filled it with school desks and held school in it every day. There was no end of obstacles in the way of a revival of Baptist interest in that town.

It was a fortunate occurrence for Ordway that the few gathered in the little Baptist church that night decided to act upon the missionary's suggestion. He informed the group that evangelistic

meetings would begin the following night. The next day a handbill announcing the services was put into every home in town, and the missionary visited every member of the Baptist church living in town and called upon all the business firms in town and made an announcement to every grade in the grammar and high school. Before night everybody in the community knew that a Baptist preacher was in town ready to begin work that night.

The house was packed. Some doubtful Baptists, coming late, found no seats vacant. A service was held in the church every night for nearly a month. No hall or other church could be rented, so each day after school the school desks were taken out and the pews put in, and at night after service the pews were taken out and the school desks put in.

The evangelistic meetings were well attended and resulted in a gratifying number of additions by letter and baptism. When the meetings closed the annual meeting of the church was put before the people as an event to plan for in a large way. The business meeting was preceded by a banquet held at a hotel. Places were set for one hundred members and guests. Visiting brethren from Denver, Pueblo, Rocky Ford, and Lamar spoke in an encouraging way with regard to the work in Ordway. The meeting did not break up until near midnight nor before the church-members had indicated in the form of cash and pledges how earnestly they desired to repair the church, secure a parsonage, and call a pastor.

Now followed many days of toil for the mission-



Kindergarten, Bessemer Mission, Pueblo, Colo.

ary who went out during the day raising money or worked as a carpenter or painter or gardener on the church property. When he had finished his various tasks a pastor was called, and a salary of \$1,500 a year and the free use of a parsonage voted him. After all incumbrances had been paid on the church property, the community staged a surprise for the missionary pastor-at-large in one of the city parks, on which occasion a gold watch was presented to him.

Here is the summary of work done to transform a down-and-out church to one that is doing an aggressive and acceptable work in the growing community of Ordway:

Months of service	5
Visits made in homes	1,460
Visits to other churches in Colorado.....	28
Sermons delivered	108
Bibles given out	20
Number of pages of tracts distributed....	4,000
Number of persons baptized	10
Sunday schools	2
Miles traveled	4,244
Letters written	1,560
Raised in cash and pledges.....	\$5,158.59

Not long ago a letter was received at the New York headquarters of the Home Mission Society from Ordway, Colorado, giving this particular narrative a very happy ending. In it we learn that the Ordway Baptists, since the missionary left

them, have kept on making progress. They are paying their pastor the salary agreed upon, and paying it regularly; they have purchased a \$400 piano; they have organized a choir; they have a Sunday school of a hundred; they are receiving substantial increases in church-membership; a revival conducted by the pastor is in progress, and they are about to build the auditorium of the church, the part in which they worship at present being the Sunday school and social room in a larger architectural plan.

IV

SO THAT THEIR LIVES MAY NOT BE BARREN

(A Colporter-Missionary Finds Time to Write.)

I DON'T feel very well just now. I have been up to the dentist and had nineteen teeth pulled in one sitting. So I can't do anything for awhile but write reports and letters.

Now as to that car: I have filled out the answers to your questions and enclose the slip. It is No. 18; has been used four years next month; on January 1, 1921, it will have run 31,985 miles. It cost about \$400 when new. I think it is worth about \$200 yet, which is a wonder. It must be, in view of that wonderful dedicatory prayer of Doctor Mills at the conference at Oakland, when he prayed for "every spoke" and "every bolt" and "every other part of that car."

Yes, I should be willing to pay \$200 for it yet, if I could buy it. It runs easy, but needs some more repairs. The right sill in the main frame is bent and cracked; the top is somewhat rickety, one tire quite worn, and the whole car needs a coat of paint in the spring. But I think I can do the most of this work myself when it gets a little warmer. I could do it now, while I am laid up, if I only could

find a warm place to work in. But it can be used the way it is for a while yet. I always used to give it a coat of paint in the spring-time and the wheels two or three coats, which has preserved them, so that there is not a spoke loose yet—even after that hard drive up in Cherry County last summer, when I broke both axles and springs and the main cross-member and several other things. I hope I shall never need to put it to such a test again. I think it is better to let some one with a new car take such places, or better go horseback or with an aeroplane.

I have not seen my family since early last fall, and don't expect to get home until some time in the spring—and yet I love and long for my home and family as much as any man. I have walked eight miles at midnight against a snow-storm when it was twenty below zero, just for a chance to be with my family a few hours. Now I cannot go home very often, as they live so far away, and railroads do not grant one-half fare to colporters this year.

Several times I have been requested to write something about our work and experiences, our trials and victories. In looking back over these sixteen years of colportage work in Kansas and Nebraska I surely have reason now to thank my God for his protecting care and blessings. We have been trying with his help in different ways to bring the gospel message to the people, both through the printed page and spoken word; through songs and sermons and a daily life of walk and talk with God and man. Humbly will I, therefore, mention just

a few of the various experiences from a colporter-missionary's life and work.

I have pleaded with men and had the privilege of leading souls to Christ and have seen them rejoice with new-born hope. I have led and helped in revival meetings where many have sought and found their Saviour. Have had the pleasure of baptizing quite a few; once twenty-three on one Sunday afternoon and thirty-six within six weeks in a creek at a place twenty miles from a railroad. At other times I have worked for months without any such visible results.

Sometimes while out in this work I have been received with open arms and treated like a prince or as a dear friend and brother, while at other times and places I have been despised and rejected and have had to endure cold and hunger and all sorts of discomforts.

Sometimes I have had breakdowns—an axle or some other part of the car—when I have been out in some lonely place thirty or forty miles from a garage. Often have I been stuck in mud-holes or snow-drifts where I have had to dig myself out; at other times I have run into deep, loose sand, where I have had to work like a slave under a scorching sun for hours and hours to get out, and not a living soul in sight to reach out a helping hand.

Many times a colporter finds himself among people altogether ungodly. He has to preach and lead services in small meetings, where he must be janitor and preacher, organist and singer, and not

have a person along whom he can ask to lead in prayer.

At other times the Mission Boards have kindly arranged it so that we could have the privilege of attending some great convention or other meeting, where our souls, in fellowship with our brethren, have feasted on spiritual things for which we surely are thankful. I appreciate these privileges more than words can tell.

Sometimes a colporter may devote himself altogether to spiritual things, while at other times it is his privilege to help with all kinds of manual labor in order to reach the people.

While out in this colportage work I have helped to organize churches and Sunday schools. I have sold and distributed thousands of Bibles and books and tracts. I have fixed up churches, plastered houses, built chimneys; painted and papered homes; have helped to butcher and brand cattle; cleaned and repaired organs and clocks and sewing-machines as well as all kinds of farm implements. I have helped to build houses and barns and sheds; half-soled shoes and fixed harnesses; put up wind-mills and fences; sometimes helped to plant and plow and gather in the harvest. I have buried people and married people, and even served as both doctor and nurse at confinement cases, when it was absolutely necessary.

Of course, I never ask anything for this kind of service except during my vacation-time when I have helped in hay- or harvest-field. If they ask what they owe me or what I want for my help, I

answer: "That is all right. You don't owe me anything; this is simply missionary work." I endeavor to reach out a helping hand where I see that help is really needed, just as I think Jesus, my Master, would do if he were here. Of course some insist on paying something, and then I say, "If you really want to do something for the missionary cause, I will surely be glad to send it in."

Once I went up in Sherman County and called at a Methodist home. As soon as I stepped in, the mother spoke up and said: "We are surely glad to see you! We have been hoping and waiting a long time that brother Olson would come around."

"Why," said I, "what is the trouble now?"

"Oh, you see how our house looks. I have been trying so long to get some one to come and help us paper, but can't get any help. Everybody is so busy."

"Well," said I, "I am very, very busy too, but have you got the stuff at home?"

"Yes, it is all here."

"Well, let's get busy then."

It was late in the afternoon, but before we went to bed that night the house was papered, and early next morning I was on the road again. I set the father to plastering up the rat-holes and places where the plastering had fallen down, the children cut borders and held the lamps while the mother pasted, and I hung the paper. We were all as happy and busy as bees, and got through easy by midnight. But that was not all. They bought one of the best Bibles I had along, and gave me two dollars

extra for missionary work. They have been as faithful workers as any members in the little Baptist church near-by, ever since. Last time, when I was out there trying to raise the pastor's salary, they subscribed two dollars a month or as much as any of the members did.

"The way to a man's heart is often through his stomach." Yes, and through a little paint and wall-paper too, or almost anything they need. It is a good thing to be able to help.

Some of these pioneer people are wonderfully resourceful, while others seem to be perfectly helpless when it comes to fixing things up. Sometimes a person with some enthusiasm and determination to conquer difficulties is needed to help get things started. This is true in both temporal and spiritual things.

Often I have seen children coming home from school with shoe-soles clean through so that their bare feet pressed against the snow every step they took, and I have visited their homes very early next morning and found some pieces of leather from an old saddle or belt or discarded horse-collar; several times I have used parts of old, blown-out automobile tires that I happened to have along. At any rate the children's shoes have been half-soled before they woke up in the morning.

But these are only little things. Not long ago I came to a poor family living way up in the sand-hills in an unplastered house. It was so cold that if they spilled a little water on the floor it would freeze immediately; and no fuel but some corn-



A frontier Baptist deacon, whose Christian loyalty
blessed a community.



Wayside pastoral call, Las Animas Valley, Colo.

cobs. They had three small children, ages one, three, and five years, creeping and playing on the floor most of the time. No wonder they caught cold! I was told they had had the sand and plaster-cement at home all summer and tried several times to get some one to come and help them plaster, but had not succeeded. Now they had almost given up hope, with no money and winter coming on in earnest. They did not know what to do.

"Well," said I, "it surely is too bad. If it is absolutely impossible for you to get any one to help you, then rather than allow you to live in that unplastered house with those three little children all winter, I suppose I will have to stop a few days and plaster your house."

"Can you? Will you?"

I stopped and worked each day from before daylight until ten or eleven o'clock at night, and not being used to that kind of hard work my arms ached so I thought they would break off, especially when plastering the ceiling. But we got the six rooms plastered and fixed up warm and comfortable.

You should have seen how thankful they were, how their voices trembled and their eyes filled with tears of gratitude when I bade them farewell. I know if God will bless them, there will be something done in behalf of the kingdom by the members of that home in future years. They are Christian people. I baptized the mother some time ago, and the father was a Baptist already.

I have learned a good many things during these sixteen years of colportage work. I wish now that

I had the resources and the health and strength to enable me to keep on for many years in this work. But I am getting older and suppose I shall soon have to quit.

I enjoy reading Paul's last words in Titus, which I have before me as a motto every day: "Let all our people learn to devote themselves to doing good in order to meet the most pressing needs, so that their lives may not be barren of results" (Titus 3 : 14, Twentieth Century New Testament).

P. S. If you can and want to use any of this material in any way you are at liberty to do so. I have made no statement I cannot verify.

AUTHOR'S NOTE. This letter reveals the fine spirit of the frontier. It is not published with the idea of setting forth a method of missionary procedure. The colporter-missionary work, carried forward jointly by the Publication and Home Mission Societies, is more fully described in "Old Trails and New," a companion to the present volume.

V

JOE BARANOFF'S GOOD FORTUNE

(AUTHOR'S NOTE. Joe Baranoff is an imaginary character, but in all essential particulars the events as narrated in this story actually have occurred at one time or another in connection with the lives of the boys and girls at the Kodiak Baptist Orphanage, Alaska.)

FORTUNE seemed cruel to Joe Baranoff when four men came to the shack that had been his home and carried the still form of his father away to bury it forever from his sight. He was now alone in the "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," and this meant a life of slavery for an Alaskan Indian boy. Not far from his home was a collection of squalid Indian homes. He went from house to house asking to be taken in. He could not remember his mother, but he hoped that she had been of gentler heart than the women who ordered him from their doors. He did so much want some food and a place where he could get warm and go to sleep. He passed from hovel to hovel until he was told by a man smoking a pipe in his doorway that he could stay there if he could carry a bucket full of water and cut wood with an axe.

Two months later a government official stepped from his launch in front of the village and found Joe staggering under a log which the man who gave

him shelter and a little food was compelling him to carry home.

"He not my boy," said the man when the official asked him why he had loaded the boy down so heavily. "Father and mother both dead."

The government man was angry. He took the log from the boy's shoulder and threw it to the ground.

"If he is an orphan I'll take him to a place where he'll get right treatment."

"On Wood Island?" asked the Aleut Indian. "I think of sending him there on next boat."

"Too bad you didn't send him on the last boat," said the government man.

Joe came into a world he did not know existed—a world in which kind voices, good food, and gentle treatment took the place of starvation, hard work, and abuse. He will never forget the smile on the face of the superintendent of the Kodiak Baptist Orphanage when the man who brought him in the launch told the superintendent that he had brought another boy for him. Joe looked around for a big water-bucket and an axe and told himself that he would be willing to carry two buckets if that man let him live with him.

But no hard tasks were given Joe. His biggest trial at first was a bathtub. Every day he had to be bathed and then have salve applied to the sores on his body. He had never known what it meant to be free from these sores. In time he learned to love the bathtub and went into it of his own accord. Gradually the sores disappeared, his cheeks filled

out, and he learned to play and laugh with the fifty other orphans at the home. His ribs did not show so prominently any more because the fresh eggs, homemade butter, sweet milk, and lovely bread such as our mothers make drove the protruding ribs to cover.

In time Joe learned that the Orphanage to which the thoughtful government official had brought him had been built and was supported by the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society so that children left alone in Alaska might have an ideal home and know what it meant to be loved.

He learned to love this home and everybody in it, including the superintendent and his wife and the boys' matron and the girls' matron. He learned that the Orphanage consisted of six hundred and forty acres of land, a dormitory for the girls, a dormitory for the boys, a barn, a herd of cattle, a flock of chickens, and a silo. The cattle could not have given so much milk during the winter without the corn fodder pickled in its own juices in that silo. Any boy or girl on a farm understands that.

Joe rose with the other children at 5:30 A. M. and was ready for the 6:30 bell for morning prayers. He learned to sing with the others. After the Bible reading and prayer by one of the workers, he marched to the dining-room, the procession being headed by the youngest child in the home. After breakfast he joined the wood-cutting force while the girls washed dishes, made the beds, and helped with the other housework. Then at 8:30 A. M. he trudged off with the boys and girls to the Terri-

torial District School, which is very near the home. After school there was a play-time.

And in this way the days passed in rapid succession. Months passed and with them Joe grew to be a sturdy lad. He learned the story of Jesus' love by hearing the superintendent preach in the little chapel on the island and from the talks of the good matrons at the home.

Joe had been a profane boy. It seemed to him that he could not overcome the habit. One day he got into some argument at the dinner-table and gave voice to a whole string of oaths. The superintendent sent him from the room, assuring him that he could finish his meal afterward. Driven by shame and chagrin Joe resolved to leave the Home forever. The most available means of escape from the Island was the motor-boat that belonged to the Orphanage. He had been taught to run it. Heedless of consequences, he resolved to flee northward to some islands he had heard one of his schoolmates describe.

A providential wind arose and compelled Joe to put in at Kodiak Island. Here the United States Marshal took him in charge, but would not arrest him until he could confer with the superintendent of the Orphanage.

"Why did you run away, Joe?" asked the superintendent when he arrived on Kodiak Island. "Aren't you at all sorry to treat us in this way?"

Joe was silent. He knew that he had been treated with all kindness at the home, but was too stubborn to tell the superintendent that he was sorry. He was still smarting with the humiliation which his

hasty temper and unruly tongue had brought upon him.

"Shall I arrest him for stealing the motor-boat?" asked the officer.

"No," said the superintendent. "I do not believe Joe realized what he was doing. I think I will accept the offer of the good wife of the superintendent of the radio station and leave him at her home for a time."

For several days Joe lived at the radio station and it was so arranged that all the duties assigned him kept him near the superintendent's wife. It was her plan to do this so that she could keep him continually reminded of all the activities of the home on Wood Island.

"What a good time they must be having now, Joe," she would remind him. "Let's see, it's just six o'clock, and they must be gathering about the supper-table." Or possibly this: "They are playing games now, Joe. They must be missing you."

Joe became the most homesick boy you can imagine and one morning begged to be sent to the Orphanage. And when he once more found his friends there he thought that no boy on earth could be happier. The knowledge that he was forgiven by all at the home filled his heart with a gratitude words cannot describe. The thought that there was forgiveness in God's plan for him was also brought home to him. When he knelt by the side of the superintendent he prayed for help to overcome every temptation. And when a boy does this he is taking the Royal Highway to nobler living.

IV

**UNDER MARCHING ORDERS IN
NICARAGUA**

I

A PIONEER IN PERIL

I

THE door of the little mission building in Managua, Nicaragua,¹ suddenly was thrown open and three small girls rushed in and dropped upon their knees before the missionary.

"Pray quick, Miss Blackmore!" pleaded one of the girls.

"What has happened?" demanded the missionary, as she noted the abject fear in the faces of two of her young friends.

"We met papa on the street just now, and he saw us walking with Eva. Papa will beat us when we get home."

Miss Blackmore understood. Eva was the daughter of Christian parents and attended the mission Sunday school, and in Managua at that time it was considered a public disgrace to be seen in company with evangelicals, or any one who even attended the services at the mission.

"If we pray, papa can't beat us."

¹ Clear, brief statements of the development of the Baptist home missionary enterprise in Latin North America may be obtained without cost by addressing the General Board of Promotion of the Northern Baptist Convention, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The most recent publications are five booklets by Rev. C. S. Detweiler, entitled "Twenty Years in Cuba," "Progress in Porto Rico," "Baptist Beginnings in Nicaragua," "Glimpses of the Salvador Mission," and "Missionary Intervention in Mexico." These deal with the work as carried forward by both Home Mission Societies.

The simple faith of the children touched the missionary's heart.

"Yes, let us pray," she said.

The two girls for whom the prayer was offered went home to be seized by their enraged father. His whip was in readiness.

"Papa, you can't beat us."

The man was of great strength, a soldier seasoned by the prolonged campaigns of a recent revolution.

"I can't beat you!" The revolutionist laughed, his arm upraised. But his curiosity was excited. "Why can't I beat you?"

"Because we stopped in at the mission and prayed."

Whether it was the voice of a conscience seldom heeded, or the unquestioning faith that shone in the eyes of his young daughters, that prevented the outrage, the narrator is unable to state. At any rate the father did not strike the blows he fully had intended to administer as the punishment he felt was due.

One day Miss Blackmore heard a woman's voice on the other side of a high board fence in the rear of the mission. Through a crack between two boards she saw a pair of black eyes.

"I dare not come into the mission," said the native. "Will you not tell me some of the things in your book while I stand here? I dare not let my husband know that I have spoken to you."

The mother of the two girls mentioned above, the wife of the revolutionist, was this humble petitioner for the crumbs of the Bread of Life.



A group of believers at Managua, Nicaragua. The woman at the right is Miss Eleanor M. Blackmore, the missionary of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Miss Blackmore pried a board out of the fence and spoke to her audience of one. Earnestly and lovingly she told her the story of the Saviour's love and of the salvation which is the heritage of all who accept this love. This sacred clandestine meeting was repeated time after time until the native woman became a devoted follower of Christ. Daily she read in secret the Bible which Miss Blackmore gave her until she was discovered in the act by her husband, who, in his anger, snatched the book from her and destroyed it.

One day the man found his wife at the mission. "If I catch you here again I'll shoot you," he declared.

Later the revolutionist relented somewhat, for he noted that his harshness was making his wife despondent. As he truly loved her, after his rough fashion, he went to see the priest about her strange religious awakening.

"She wants to read the Bible all the time, and what can I do?" he asked.

The *padre* gave the man a Bible and instructed him to tell his wife that as a special privilege he would allow her to read it. "This favor should make her contented to remain a good Catholic," he added. But if the Romanist thought thereby to keep the woman away from the mission, he was mistaken. At the first opportunity she took the Bible to Miss Blackmore for her inspection.

"Is this the good Book?" asked the woman, after she had explained how it had come into her possession.

When Miss Blackmore read the imprint of the American Bible Society on the title-page of the book she was surprised. However, she knew that the colporters of this Society had visited Nicaragua and that every Bible the priests could lay their hands upon had been confiscated as "immoral literature."

"Keep it and read it," said the missionary. "It is the good Book."

As the revolutionist was not told where the book came from, he began to read it too. For had not the *padre* given it to him?

There came a change in that home. It came to pass that in time the mother and children were enabled to attend the mission without molestation from the father. And occasionally he was seen in the vicinity of the building where the hated evangelicals held their services. This man, who had sent a bullet crashing through a window one day to terrorize the missionary and her comrades of the Cross, now came to stand at a distance to listen respectfully to the preaching of the gospel. One day he stood in the middle of the street and called to Miss Blackmore. She answered by stepping to the door.

"Miss Blackmore," he humbly apologized, "I may have been wrong."

Then he strode away.

A few days afterward he was called out to fight, for another revolution was in progress. He never came back. The widow and her daughters became members of the Baptist church at Managua.

II

Down the street toward the little mission a mob was making its way, only pausing long enough to demolish the homes of two members of the evangelical church that some Christians had dared to establish in Managua at a time when it was scarcely permissible to declare publicly a regard for any church except the Roman Catholic. Eleanor Blackmore, the missionary, heard the commotion and ran to a friendly merchant to inquire as to its nature and cause.

"Miss Blackmore, you are not safe in this city," the man told her frankly. "The mob is headed by some fanatics who intend to smash the mission and frighten into submission every Protestant believer."

Miss Blackmore returned to the mission and told all who were assembled there to go to their homes and to remain within doors until the fury of the mob had spent itself. She then entered her own home, which was in another part of the mission building, to secure her valuables and some property of two Bible Societies whose interests she cared for in Nicaragua. She could hardly believe that the populace intended to destroy the mission, but it was not long before her doubts fled. Before she could effect her own escape the rioters were smashing the doors and windows. Next they would probably demolish the little apartment between the mission and Miss Blackmore's part of the house. She heard their threats of violence against all "heretics." For the first time since beginning her work in that far-

away land she entertained a feeling that her life was in danger. As there were rioters at the rear of the building—she could hear them battering in the back door of the mission—she was at a loss to know how to escape unseen.

The only front window in that part of the building where Miss Blackmore had her living rooms was a small transom over the entrance. Climbing upon a chair she swung this window open and peered without. Just below her she saw a policeman who was helpless to disperse the mob, but evidently had taken a position near her door to protect her if possible.

“Is it safe for me to come out?” she asked.

“Not at this moment,” replied the officer. “I will give you notice when I see the way clear.”

Presently the word was given, and Miss Blackmore unlocked her door and sought refuge in a bakery across the street.

“I will give ten dollars to the person who gets a cab for me,” she offered, knowing that safety lay in keeping out of sight of the fanatics. She knew that she could not remain in the bakery long as the proprietor had been hostile to her work.

A man crawled out from under the counter. She recognized her next-door neighbor! With his wife and child he had fled from the small apartment between the mission and the missionary’s living quarters. While he had not attended the mission, he had been willing to live under the same roof that sheltered a Protestant missionary and he had allowed this sympathetic little Englishwoman to nurse

to health his child, therefore he knew that he was in disgrace and might suffer at the hands of the misguided rioters. As a matter of fact they did not spare his home. But his gratitude to Miss Blackmore now overcame his fears, and he volunteered to call a cab.

Fortunately the cab arrived before any member of the mob discovered the near presence of the missionary. Miss Blackmore was taken in safety to the British consulate—she was an English subject—and thence to a hotel across the street from the consulate.

American and English residents of Managua advised Miss Blackmore to give up her pioneer Christian work in the city as altogether futile in the face of such odds. But she labored faithfully on, visiting all the evangelical Christians in their homes and encouraging them to remain steadfast in the faith. The municipal authorities repaired the damages caused by the mob, and in a month or two Miss Blackmore again took up her residence at the mission and regular services were resumed.

II.

REENFORCEMENTS

ONE of the earlier events in Miss Blackmore's life might have deterred one less courageous from continuing the work in Central America. Yellow fever attacked the people in Costa Rica. Many towns were practically wiped out in the year 1902. Hearing of the desperate straits in which the people were, Miss Blackmore went to the fever district to do what she could.

Day after day and night after night she was the only person in the village who could render any real assistance to the old practitioner. It was almost inevitable that in time she too was stricken with the dread disease. Every one in the house in which she rented a room fled. The only attention she received was from a girl in a neighboring house who brought to her door a little milk that had been boiled.

One day when the crisis was on she learned that a doctor was to pass through the village. She sent a man to stand in the middle of the road and stop him when he came through. About midnight the doctor entered, looked at Miss Blackmore, and said in Spanish to the attendant (not knowing that Miss Blackmore understood Spanish), "No hope, she will die before morning."

Miss Blackmore begged the doctor for some medicine that might help her recover, but he refused, saying that she was sure to die, and that as she was an English subject he might be held responsible and there would be reprisals. He then proceeded to collect ten dollars before he rode away.

Miss Blackmore lay upon her bed and heard the receding hoof-beats of the doctor's horse. A feeling of absolute loneliness came over her. Then her indomitable will asserted itself and she said to herself, "Well, if I am to die in the morning I shall die game."

She came through. During her convalescence she crawled on her hands and knees from bed to table and back, or leaned on a chair and guided herself about. And since that recovery, what a wonderful work God has permitted this valiant soldier of the Cross to perform!

Who is Miss Eleanor Blackmore? The following vivid description of this missionary, written by Mrs. Lida W. Miller, helps us to get a view-point, for we yield to the sentiment that led Dr. L. C. Barnes to republish it in "The Central Republics of Central America," when he affirmed that "every reader who appreciates a high enthusiasm, a daring venture in the Master's service, a heroism without limit, and a consecration without stint, will be glad to read it again":

"Years ago a novelist with a vivid imagination clothed the moors of Devonshire with such charm that streams of pilgrims have since journeyed to visit the land of Lorna Doone. Another member

of the Blackmore family, with an equal imagination and a loving heart, listened to the stories told by two returned missionaries of the needs of Latin America to hear the gospel of Jesus Christ. She left England, and alone in far-off Nicaragua this little woman, Eleanor Blackmore, has toiled for many years, going in and out of the homes of the people, making friends of the children, and carrying good news to sad and hopeless hearts who have heard the message with gladness. She has established a strong Christian mission in the district about Managua, the capital city. For a time Miss Blackmore was supported by a faith organization in England. When their faith burned brightly, funds came to enable her to carry on her work; when their faith waxed dim, she was often in dire need of means of subsistence, and at one time was reduced to living on a *menu* of starch until relief came. Often her life was in danger; chills and fever, the results of malaria, racked her frame. Still she has labored faithfully and built up a strong mission. The little, modest woman attending the conference at Panama roused but slight attention, but her history proves her a heroine. She refused to listen to the proposal that she come to the 'States' for a year of rest and study, because there was no one to carry on the work for the time she might be gone. 'But could you not work in a less malarial district?' she was asked. 'Some one has to live with my people, they cannot be left alone,' she answered. Her prayer for assistance has been heard. Our Woman's Home Mission Society has

been able to come to her relief, and she is to be one of our own missionaries, working under the appointment of our Woman's Society; and she will be conscious of the affectionate interest and support of our Baptist women."

When Miss Blackmore was a visitor to New York City recently, she said:

"I want to thank personally the Baptists of the North for taking over Nicaragua. For long years I struggled there alone, and it did not seem as though I could get anybody to take Central America into account. I am an Englishwoman, and I went to Mr. Harry Guinness and he said, 'I'll send you to Peru tomorrow, but Nicaragua, never!' G. Campbell Morgan said, 'That's fine work, but Nicaragua—America for the Americans?' I am a Baptist by conviction, but I went outside of the denomination to a dear old friend of mine who was a member of the London Missionary Society, and I asked him, 'What can you do for poor Central America?' 'I'll give you a letter to the Congregational Board in New York.' I said, 'That's very kind, but it won't answer my purpose.'

"I went back to Nicaragua in 1905, thinking there was no Baptist aid for Central America and it was useless for me to seek farther. But the Lord opened the door, and our good Baptist friends of the North came seeking me, and so I am very thankful that, though rather late, still in time, our good friends of the North have taken under their wing Nicaragua, Salvador, and Honduras. We have a small beginning, but there are wide-open doors

and splendid opportunities, and I am sure you will never regret having begun the work."

The little Baptist mission in Managua, in a way, was the biggest attraction in the city for a time. But the greater part of the audience stood outside the building. Any one stepping over the threshold of the mission could see his name in the paper the next day; he also could see his best friends resorting to various methods of avoiding him in public places. Many wanted to walk in the light, but could not endure the resulting persecution. To live through the early days of evangelical Christianity in a land where Christ's evangelists have been unknown is to understand the Master's words, "And every one that hath left houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit eternal life."

During those early days—and those days were not so long ago—members of some of Managua's first families traveled long distances to obscure rural places where the missionaries were holding meetings, just to get a taste of the gospel without suffering the social ostracism which would have been their lot should they have identified themselves with the local mission forces. Nevertheless there have been notable instances of the complete surrender of all things which you and I hold as among our most priceless treasures, namely, the comradeship of friends, the sure compensations that follow in the wake of competency in one's chosen profession or business, the high regard of contemporaries.

All these were forfeited when one should as much as step over the threshold of the little mission.

A beautiful Nicaraguan girl, a graduate student at the University, possessing the degree of A. B., and nearing the completion of a course in law, was horrified when her mother and the little ones in the family became regular attendants at the mission. Such a procedure for her was unthinkable, the last word in bad form. The disgrace was hard enough to bear as it was. She remained aloof. She had no thought of sacrificing her profession, the estimation of her young associates, her social position. It was not to be thought of.

"Pray for our young people of Central America!" implored Miss Blackmore at the climax of a wonderful story she was telling one afternoon to a group of Brooklyn women. "They have so much to give up when they accept Christ!"

God heard the prayers which Miss Blackmore and her native colaborers offered in behalf of this brilliant young law student. Yes, in time the latter took Christ at his word. Humbly, penitently she came to the Cross. And the "hundredfold?" Yes, she has received that and more, although she has accepted a position in the mission school at a very low salary. Every day she gathers her pupils—she calls them her children—about her for a prayer-meeting. Willingly and bravely, and for His name's sake, she stands the insolence of her old-time bosom companions. The "hundredfold?" One glance into that sweet, happy face and into those sparkling, resolute eyes will give the answer.

III

ONE AND INSEPARABLE

SOON after Miss Blackmore began work under the direction of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, the mission station at Masaya was opened. In cooperation with the American and native missionaries of the American Baptist Home Mission Society the work here and elsewhere was continued.

From the first the petty annoyances usually attending a new work were experienced at Masaya. It was difficult to rent a building. Few merchants would sell bread or other supplies to the despised "heretics." The converts were in more difficult straits than the missionaries because of family and neighborhood complications. They often were denied a ready means of obtaining a livelihood by reason of their open stand for Christ.

Brotherhood became an actuality in Nicaragua. Delegations from one station traveled long distances, often on foot, to visit a sister church still in its infancy. Indeed it was deemed hardly safe in some instances for a new body of worshipers to hold a public meeting unless Christians from other points attended the services to render a moral if not a physical reenforcement to their numbers. Such was the situation during the early days at

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Masaya. Christian friends came from Managua to attend the gospel meetings at Masaya to hearten the worshipers in the little mission in the latter city. The need of such reenforcement was emphasized rather suddenly on one occasion particularly.

There was a happy assemblage of converts in the mission at Masaya one evening. Miss Blackmore was at the organ and Rev. José Mendosa, the pastor at Managua, was preaching. Suddenly the peace of the worshipers was disturbed by ominous noises in the street. Miss Blackmore had been anticipating trouble. There had been ugly signs of a plot brewing that had reminded her of the developments at Managua. She had sent word to the children not to come to the services. By a strange coincidence the native pastor had chosen as his text, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Let it be said that the loyalty of that little band in the face of threatening persecution would have been hard to equal. They were ready to sell their shoes to obtain bread, if need be, before entertaining a thought of surrender. The Acts of the Apostles repeated!

Hurriedly the leading opponents of the evangelicals, under the pretense of a religious exercise, had organized an impromptu procession in exaltation of "The Sacred Heart of Jesus."

"We will have no trouble," said Miss Blackmore. "When the procession nears the mission we will remain silent."

To cease all audible religious exercises was a rule followed by the evangelicals whenever a procession

passed near their meeting-places. On this occasion the worshipers were instructed by Miss Blackmore to engage in silent prayer. They waited. The clamor in the street grew louder. Angry voices in denunciation of the "heretics" were heard.

The procession did not pass the mission. The destination of the celebrants of "The Sacred Heart of Jesus" was the Baptist mission. Led by their priest, who flourished a six-shooter, the marauders broke ranks and charged.

"Now go at them!" commanded the priest as he flung open the door.

The attackers were armed with sticks of fire-wood with which they smashed the lamps, thus plunging the room in darkness at once. They then proceeded to smash the furniture. Under a semblance of authority they attempted to seize some of the male worshipers as political prisoners for whom they pretended to have warrants. Miss Blackmore, with admirable presence of mind, summoned the mission people to one end of the room. She made available for just such an emergency a preparedness born of years of experience in that country. From another room she had lamps brought in and lighted them.

Then into a solid phalanx she marshaled the forces at her disposal. Unitedly they advanced against the attacking party and pushed all who were hostile to the cause outside the building. The doors were then bolted.

Presently, during a lull in the tempest of angry voices outside, a man at the rear door insisted that he be granted admittance.



Nicaraguan pilgrims at the feast of the "Black Christ."

"Who are you?" asked Miss Blackmore.

"A police captain."

"Pass me your number."

When this reasonable request was not granted, Miss Blackmore peered under the door and saw the dim forms of armed men crouching in readiness for the charge as soon as the door was opened. The door remained bolted.

During the attack a woman slipped away from the mission and summoned aid from the Nicaraguan military police, and toward midnight the mob was dispersed by soldiers.

One of the last persons to leave the mission building was a ten-year-old boy, the son of the brave little woman who had gone for help. The boy had a lantern with which to light the path homeward for the missionary.

"Why, my dear little laddy," exclaimed the missionary, "why did you not go home with mamma?"

"She told me to stay with you," said the boy. "I would stay and die with you."

Such is the devotion of these wonderful people!

It was declared by the leading opponents of our Baptist missionary enterprise that our workers would never get a foothold in Jinotepe. But finally a man was discovered who was willing to rent a building. Miss Blackmore made the arrangements. A native pastor visited the place regularly.

That there existed a bitter prejudice to overcome at the station the following incident serves to reveal:

One day Miss Blackmore and the native pastor were in the village to hold some meetings, when they heard a great commotion up the street. Fearing trouble they hurried toward the crowd and were shocked to see a lad of seven years of age, the son of an evangelical Christian mother, with a rope around his neck and waist. He had been dragged by some adults to one of their innumerable saints' images, and brutal efforts were being made to force the boy to kiss the image.

When Miss Blackmore and the native pastor appeared, the child was freed. The missionaries lectured the fanatics on the depravity of grown-ups who could get amusement out of torturing a child. Then they went to the home of the boy thinking to console the parents because of the grievance.

To their surprise they found them on their knees, mother, grandfather, and the boy who had been persecuted. All were praying for the misguided opponents of the gospel. They rejoiced that they had been found worthy to suffer for Christ.

Months later this child was the divine means of converting a man who had been strongly opposed to the gospel in that village. He became interested when he heard about the little fellow's bravery under persecution. He often sought the boy's company to listen to his songs and prayers. His heart melted in the warmth of such devotion and he is now a staunch follower of Christ.

V

THE SOUL OF THE NEW AMERICAN

I

FLDBRAVE OF THE IMPERIAL VALLEY

A HINDU and an American rode up to a ranch-house in the Imperial Valley, dismounted, knocked upon the front door, and, finding the place deserted, pushed open the door and invited themselves in. The Hindu seemed to be more at his ease than the American. It was near dinnertime.

"We'll soon have something to eat," said the Hindu, after a search through the pantry had resulted in a conviction that further foraging was necessary.

He took down a shotgun from the wall and selected two shells from a box of ammunition upon the mantle. His next selection proved his judgment of poultry, and a young rooster fell a victim to his marksmanship. It was not long before the fowl was in a pot. Flour, butter, and curry helped to complete the meal. The two invaders fared sumptuously.

When only an assortment of well-picked bones remained of the extemporaneous repast, the American saw two men approaching the house and remarked jokingly that he thought of hiding.

"Don't be alarmed," said the Hindu.

"But won't they be offended at our intrusion?" asked the American.

"They will be delighted."

"I can scarcely believe you."

"You will observe that I have the password."

"What password?"

"India."

The Hindu passed out and spoke to the powerfully built, turbaned men who had arrived.

"*Ham to tumhare makan men gusgaye* (We have broken into your house)."

"Great!"

"Fine!"

Here was genuine hospitality. The American wondered at it and perceived that he must alter his notions of the swarthy foreigners who often are classed as interlopers. He wondered still more when the Hindu farmers invited him and his companions to remain as guests at the little ranch.

What afforded the American the most pleasure was the discovery that the friendship which existed between these two heathen and his Christian companion was unaffected and real. For he remembered that there had been a time in the early ministry of Theodore Fieldbrave when the Hindus of the Imperial Valley had scorned to speak to him, looking upon him as a traitor to the best traditions of India.

Kindness and infinite patience had won for Fieldbrave a position among the Hindus on his field which was hardly thought possible for him to attain when he was commissioned by the Home Mission Society to enter this difficult field.

Many of the Hindus in the Imperial Valley are

from that part of India called The Punjab (*Punj*, meaning five; *ab*, meaning water—a place nourished by five rivers.) They are an independent, proud people, yet lovable and loyal. Within three years after they enter the farming regions of the Pacific coast they progress from ditch-diggers to independent farmers. They are natural agriculturists, expert in the raising of cotton, rice, and wheat.

Fieldbrave's work among the Hindus is chiefly personal. But when the missionary speaks in a church they will often come and listen to him with respectful attention. He visits them at their ranches; he meets them upon the streets; they come to his room. When they are in trouble, and their troubles are many, they solicit his aid, for they have learned that he is their friend.

Many events have occurred which have tended to foster in the hearts of the Imperial Valley Hindus a faith in the sincerity of this missionary. He interprets their leases, attends court with them, and among the merchants pleads for them the square deal.

A bitter prejudice exists against the Hindus in several localities where they have settled. In certain towns it has been difficult for them to buy anything to eat in the restaurants. Not long ago a good-looking, well-dressed Mohammedan went to a restaurant and ordered dinner. He was served, but was charged two dollars for a fifty-cent meal. Unwilling to suffer the injustice without protest he went to his Christian friend, the Baptist mission-

ary. The latter took up the matter, but could get no redress for the Mohammedan except the refund of one dollar and fifty cents.

There are two groups of Hindus with whom Fieldbrave is working. He describes these as the Mohammedans and the Sikhs. He says that the Mohammedans, anti-Christian from start to finish, are always ready to argue with him. This he avoids doing if possible, as no strict Mohammedan can be won by an argument for, like the Jews, they are slaves to religious rites and customs even to the minutest point. Their religion sanctions hatred toward Christians, but the hearts of many of them have been touched by the kindness which the young missionary invariably shows them.

The Sikhs, in religion, are neither Mohammedan nor Hindu, the name meaning "followers" or "disciples." This religious sect was founded in the Punjab in the fifteenth century by Baba Nanak, who rejected the caste system in India and idolatry and taught the worship of one God. They believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. They have a temple in Stockton which is considered one of the most expensive and imposing buildings in that city.

Missionary Fieldbrave makes the following contrast between four religions:

Picture a man in a deep, dry well, the sides of which are smooth and perpendicular. Unaided, there is no possible way of escape for the victim. Along comes Krishna, who says: "I am very sorry for you. But really, sir, you should not be unhappy. There is no such thing as a well or ground or

smooth sides. Indeed, there is nothing material; all is spiritual. You are mistaken, there is nothing wrong with you. I am sorry, but I can do nothing."

Then comes Buddha: "I am very sorry for you, but I cannot help you. You must work to save yourself. Even if not in this life, you have the hope that in the next life you will be born into a better and happier state."

Mohammed stops a moment: "Well, I am very sorry for you. But it is fate. You would not be in there if it were not to be that way. I cannot help you. If you are to be saved, you will be; if not, you must die there."

Christ comes. The blessed Saviour reaches down his hand and raises the man to the level ground, feeds, clothes, cares for him, and saves him. He has a cure as well as compassion.

There is one phase of the work which is of recent development but of no less interest. Inasmuch as there are no women from India in California, a number of men of the religions mentioned above have secured brides from other nationalities. The women these men have married for the most part are either Mexican or Spanish Roman Catholics. The children resulting from these marriages are half-Christian of some sort and half Mohammedan, Hindu, or Sikh of a kind. The other day, the wife of a Mohammedan named Walayat Khan, whom our missionary frequently visits, took her baby boy to the Catholic priest to be christened, and Walayat Khan consented to the procedure on condition that the child be given a Mohammedan name also. What will the boy become? Mohammedan or Christian?

At the present writing our missionary to the Hindus is in India on furlough. A letter from him

to Dr. C. A. Brooks, of the Home Mission Society, brings the interesting news that he expects soon to return with a Christian bride. His happiness is great, for it is his thought that she will be able to render a distinct service to the wives and children of the Hindus with whom he comes in contact.

II

LOAVES FOR THE HUNGRY

OUR home missionaries believe that by the terms of the Great Commission they are not wholly loyal to their Master unless they go out into their respective communities and in homes, factories, shops, and on street corners make known the blessings of the gospel. The following two stories bear testimony of the results of their faithful ministry to the needy wayfarers:

One day the missionary working among the new Americans in the Homestead steel district was invited to a certain home for dinner. A most unexpected and trying experience followed, and for many days thereafter she was saddened by what she beheld.

In that room, as the family and the guest gathered about the bountifully set table, there sat a young man with sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, looking hungrily at the steaming food. The missionary looked about her, and when she saw no place set for him, she looked questioningly at her host and hostess.

"No, he is not to sit down with us. We no longer will give food to such a man."

"And he is your son?" asked the missionary.

"Yes."

To sit down and partake of a hearty meal while some one looked on half-starved, was more than the missionary could endure. She knew the story of this young man's life. She knew that his soul was hungry, too, hungry and half-starved for lack of love and the life abundant.

Bela was a carpenter by trade, but squandered his earnings in drink and dissolute living. His clothes were ragged and dirty, and his countenance had lost the freshness of youth and had become that of a confirmed drunkard. As no employer wanted such a workman, he was searching for a new job after every drunken debauch. Even his family had no faith in his promises.

As the missionary looked into the hungry eyes of Bela, her heart melted in pity. In her kind, gentle way she excused herself and asked the young man to follow her. In her own home she prepared a meal for him.

Like a starved creature Bela ate what the missionary set before him. His hunger appeased, he was about to take his leave when she placed a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Bela," she said, "are you not tired of all this? Are you not weary of sin?"

In answer to the assurance of new life and hope, he looked doubtful and said, "There's no use."

But the missionary knew that Bela was mistaken. "Jesus is able to save. Will you pray?"

Bela shook his head.

"Will you repeat a few words after me as I pray?"

Bela consented. In faltering words he repeated the missionary's earnest petition in his behalf and arose from his knees with a new grip on life. Once more he found employment as a carpenter. Day by day, and hour by hour he fought against the old temptation and fought to break the fetters that bound him. More than once he fell, but somehow the conviction that God would not give him up helped him to his feet again and in time the forces of darkness that had enshrouded his soul were defeated, and he walked into the light.

After a public declaration of his allegiance to his Lord and Saviour he was baptized. Today he is a respected member of his community, a happy husband and father, and his daily life is a testimony of the freedom won through Christ.

One evening the missionary whom God had used in the recreation of Bela was holding a street meeting on the outskirts of Pittsburgh. While she told the story of God's way of redemption, a drunken person hanging to a telephone-pole swore at her. After the service she spoke kindly to him. This charitable treatment stirred the remaining spark of manhood in him and he wanted to talk further concerning a religion that made one so gracious to strangers.

"Come tomorrow, when you are not under the influence of alcohol, and I will talk with you."

The immigrant responded to the invitation by appearing on the street-corner before the gospel service began. He was sober and wore a clean shirt. Again he heard the news of salvation; the

Lord opened his heart to the gospel, and he became a new man.

Not long after the turning-point in this man's life, his wife arrived from Europe to join her husband in America. She arrived in the colony while her husband was at work in the Homestead Steel Mills. Her friends greeted her heartily, but with serious misgivings reported that her husband had gone crazy.

"What do you mean?" she asked in alarm.

"He is like one in a trance," they said. "He doesn't drink and carouse; he has stopped fighting and swearing. He doesn't attend mass and has taken the holy pictures out of his room. He has passed up the dance-hall and the card-table, and worst of all he seems possessed to read the Bible and talk religion and preach on street-corners."

The woman's heart turned cold. She wished that she had not answered his entreaties to come to America. She recalled something about his religious experience which he had mentioned in one of his letters, but was unprepared for this.

When she greeted her husband she was silent on the subject of religion and for two weeks watched him for signs of insanity with all the anxiety of love. Then one day she threw aside all restraint and said: "Joseph, they told me you were crazy. If this is true, then I'd like to be crazy, too."

Joseph became a missionary to his countrymen in America, laboring under the direction of the American Baptist Home Mission Society until his death not long ago.

III

CASTLES ON THE ROYAL HIGHWAY

(AUTHOR'S NOTE. The actual name of the missionary whose work is described herewith is withheld.)

MARGARET CARLETON, on a vacation trip, was nearing her destination, when a small boy, grown weary by the long journey, came over to her seat with his building-blocks.

"Can you build a castle?" he asked, looking up hopefully into her face.

The young woman had been looking out the window at the lofty mountains, deep cañons, and forest-clad slopes that make Oregon scenery as interesting as any that may be seen in America. While conscious of the wonderful panoramic view, her thoughts had been far away. She smiled reminiscently when she answered the boy.

"Yes, I can build castles—but they are air-castles."

"Then build an air-castle for me!" The child clapped his hands delightedly.

With solid wooden blocks Miss Carleton began the building of an "air-castle," but it was a castle not a whit more substantial than the "air-castle" that gradually had been taking shape in her mind during three strenuous years while serving as a

missionary among our new Americans at ———, Pa.

It was of "her people" she had been thinking. To help to meet their needs in a great industrial community was her great ambition. Even vacation days and a separation of over two thousand miles from her field could not drive from her mind anxious thoughts concerning the field to which the Woman's Board had sent her.

When Margaret Carleton went to ———, Pa., she found no public library, no playground, no day-nursery, no hospital, no dispensary, and no other denomination except the Baptist working among the seven thousand foreign-speaking people who lived in this crowded city of tenements near the great steel-mills of Homestead.

In a little chapel of one room she began her work for these new Americans. There she learned how to use the limited resources at her command to the best advantage, because she learned first of all the home conditions in the community.

Some of the conditions this young missionary found existing in just one half-block would surprise the majority of people who live in the average American community and enjoy average home comforts and social privileges. She found in this one small half-block sixty-four families living in two-story tenements, and of this number fifty-four families made homes in two rooms. Among these sixty-four families she found eleven different nationalities. She found one hundred and fifty-four children for whom the alley and the curb were the

only playgrounds. From this one small, densely inhabited half-block twenty-seven children came to the mission conducted by Miss Carleton.

There were a great many things Miss Carleton met during her calls which fell back into the company of things forgotten because their frequency had made them common, and in time she ceased to be appalled when she found that seven or eight in a family were obliged to occupy one sleeping-room, or when she found no sign on the door of a house where there was a case of measles, whooping-cough, or mumps, because "the doctor he maka children stay home."

In more than one home she found some girl in her teens cut off early from attendance at the public school, while in the home there were brothers and sisters depending upon her as the little mother.

In one of these homes an incident occurred that might have caused one of less faith and courage to desist from making more calls in the neighborhood. When she entered this home a woman regarded her with ill-disguised suspicion and hastily called her husband. Up from the cellar came a half dozen men with dark faces and black beards, some carrying flash-lights. That a stranger was in the house seemed to alarm them. They angrily demanded why the young woman had called. When she stated that she was from the Baptist mission and desired only to be of help in the community, they impudently asked, "Do you have to put down whether we are citizens?" She left the house with the impression that she had invaded the nest of some

anarchists who suspected her of being a government spy.

It was not long before twenty-seven children from this half-block became members of the mission Sunday school. There were many sections just like it which the missionary visited. Scores of children, with souls starving for something which they could not define, flocked to the little chapel and quickly learned to love the young woman who kept on with her arduous work, because she wanted these children to know the love of her Saviour.

And as the weeks passed the work at the Baptist mission grew in significance and power. The mission was used almost constantly, not only on Sunday, but during the week. It is doubtful if any other floor space in the area of the Northern Baptist Convention has had recorded upon it more footprints than the worn floor of this little chapel. As the work grew, so did the castle grow and take definite shape in the mind of the young missionary who directed this work. Two large capital letters became imprinted upon her heart over the gate of that castle—letters that increased in vividness as the pattering of small feet upon the worn floor became more frequent. The letters were "C. C.," and you already may have guessed what they stood for.

In order to meet one of the needs of the community, Miss Carleton, with the help of friends, established a library, and it was not long before there were circulating five hundred books. A library and a good reading-room formed part of her castle

which was now becoming a thing of reality. A boy's club called the "Crusaders" was organized. There were so many who wanted to join that ten companies, each with a captain and nine members, were formed. Inasmuch as the seating capacity of the chapel was limited, each company was given its special section of ten seats at every meeting. To assist the ushers in seating the crowd, each boy was given a metal-rimmed tag bearing a red number to signify his company and a black number to denote his position in the company. The ushers became experts in deciphering the meaning of the figures, and long before the hour to begin the session the seats were filled with "Crusaders," with the "waiting list" standing in the rear.

Last fall when the dressmaking class was formed several fourteen-year-old girls made their first dresses. Walking models took the place of bulletin-board announcements. One can easily imagine some of the remarks that were made.

"Oh Ann, you have a new dress. Where did your mother buy it?"

"She didn't buy it. I made it."

"Quit your kidding. You know you can't sew."

"I did make it. Miss Carleton, at the Baptist mission, showed me how."

"Well, of all things! I never knew they taught any one to make real dresses at that mission."

When once these children of our new Americans hear the story of Jesus' love as told by Miss Carleton, they want to come again and hear it all over again. In time, however, a strong unchristian

opposition to the work showed itself in various ways that cost Miss Carleton many sleepless nights and no end of worry. One day her heart was stirred by grief and pity when a little Italian girl came to her and in a quiet way told her that her day-school teacher had told her that if she attended the Baptist mission again she would whip her. The next Sunday this girl was at the mission Sunday school, and on the following Monday she informed Miss Carleton that her day-school teacher had whipped her and had threatened her with a worse punishment if she told any one about it. This was a serious affair. Other children came to Miss Carleton with the same story, and word of what was being done reached the ears of members of the school board. Miss Carleton was called before the board and was asked to reveal the names of teachers who threatened children with punishment because they attended the Baptist mission. This Miss Carleton refused to do, believing that, for the sake of the children and the work at the mission, nothing could be gained by her taking a public stand against those who were trying to undermine her work. The school board went ahead with its investigation and discovered enough evidence to warrant the dismissal of two or three teachers who did not know the real meaning of religious freedom in America.

And so, week by week and month by month, Miss Carleton's air-castle grew in importance and reality until some of the denominational leaders were convinced that it was a very practical dream indeed,

and there is every assurance that a fine building is going to be erected on the double lot where the tiny chapel stands so that Sunday school and church services can be held without too much crowding. The boys' and girls' clubs will be given a chance to develop properly. And in addition to other good things there will be a hospital for children, a kindergarten, day-nursery, community laundry, gymnasium, shower-baths, and rest-rooms. As at our Christian centers in other industrial communities, there will be a royal Christian welcome for everybody.

And this from the missionary herself:

"It is coming, I feel sure! Meanwhile, I shall send sick children ten miles to a dispensary. I shall conduct the clubs as best I can in the chapel. The children will have free access to our small library of donated books. When the Sunday school is packed and some are standing, I shall try to refrain from the desire to burst the walls asunder until there is sufficient room. I shall do my best with what we have. I shall not cease to pray that our vision may be realized and that the air-castle may be a castle of mortar and brick in the form of a Christian center for this needy community."

IV

A BOWERY PRAYER CIRCLE

FROM Mulberry Street and the Bowery a number of boys gathered on the sidewalk opposite the Baptist mission on the Lower East Side of New York City. At a given signal from the leader of the gang the boys charged across the street and entered a side door of the mission and raided one of the vacant rooms. They overturned benches and chairs and stamped upon them, doing all the damage possible during the brief interval they remained in the building.

The Italian pastor, two Italian young men, and a visitor were drawn to that part of the building by the loud racket. One of the raiders was seen flying through the side entrance, the last member of the gang to leave the building. A woman appeared from a door and hysterically demanded that the police be called. An old man who often came to the mission to render what assistance he could in distributing song-books and arranging chairs, seemed greatly disturbed.

"We should get the police after those hoodlums," he declared. "We ought to make a lesson out of one of them."

The pastor and his two young friends did not get excited.

"One time a policeman caught one of these mischief-makers," said the pastor. "He brought him to me and asked me if he should jail him. I said, 'No, let him go. He feels sorry for what he has done. Some day he won't bother us any more.'"

The visitor turned to one of the young Italians. You could walk several blocks in a big city before seeing a finer type of the New American. His skin was clear and healthy, his eyes were the open, friendly sort that inspire confidence.

"What have you got to say about this raid?" was asked. "It was rather vicious, don't you think?"

Louis smiled in a quiet way. "I know who they are. They don't mean anything by it. Nobody is setting them up to do it, as some tell us. It's just their way of having fun. We are praying for a number of the boys in that gang, and some day—yes, it may be several years from now—we'll win them for Christ. We never give up a fellow when we once start praying for him."

A wonderful night at the mission! Down in the social rooms a group of Italian young people with the two women missionaries served supper for the teams working for the success of the New World Movement. Around the table were gathered representatives of several nations—China, Italy, Russia, and America. They were residents of the Lower East Side, and they pledged their loyalty to the advanced program.

After supper the Italian young people gathered in the Christian Endeavor rooms and held their weekly

prayer-meeting. Leading them in their devotions was an American high-school boy from an up-town church. With them were the two devoted young women who had consecrated their lives to home missionary work. As a part of that group, but not actually members of it, were half a dozen Italian boys, who were still members of the street gangs, but were drawn into the circle by some power they could not resist. When the prayers and testimonies made them conscious of their lack of harmony with the higher plane of living, they bolted downstairs, shouting their derision, but it was an hour before they left the building. The English pastor in charge of the mission held them in earnest conversation in some room below and listened kindly to their vague objections to the Christian faith as exemplified at the mission.

In that prayer circle were three Italian girls grown to womanhood, who knew that as soon as they returned to their homes that night they would be beaten unmercifully by parents who had practically forsaken the Roman Catholic church and yet refused their daughters the peaceful enjoyment of a gospel that brought Jesus directly into their lives without priest or prelate as intermediary. Twice and sometimes three times a week these beautiful Italian girls were willing to suffer cruel punishment in honor of their blessed Saviour.

"Why do you not appeal to some organization for the prevention of cruelty to children in behalf of these young converts?" the visitor asked one of the missionaries.

"They do not wish us to," said this young woman. "They love their parents and are sorry for them. All of our young people pass through this period of persecution because of their stand for Christ."

"I never feel the strap when father lays it across my back," said a starry-eyed young woman whose daylight hours were spent in hard labor assisting her mother to care for a large family of children. "I can't explain why the strap doesn't hurt. Last night father broke it across my back. It seems to me that Jesus is always with me and takes upon himself some of the force of the blows."

The girl smiled brightly while she told her story—a story as old as the gospel itself. Beautiful as the morning is such a faith—a faith which keeps the world from growing old.

Among these children of the tenements was Joseph. He and Louis are staunch friends. On this same wonderful night at the mission, Joseph gave his testimony before the deacons, who there-upon voted to recommend him to the church as a candidate for baptism.

"I came to this country from Sicily when I was ten years old," said Joseph. "Father, mother, and a younger brother were with me. Father could not find work, so I used to get up at four o'clock in the morning to sell papers until nine so that I could earn fifteen or twenty cents to buy milk and bread for our breakfast. I attended the public school just off the Bowery. After school every day I was out with my shine-box. I also picked up an occasional dime by acting as porter for folks walk-

ing from subway stations to the ferries or railroad-stations.

"My father kept right on having poor luck getting steady work, and when I was thirteen and a half years old I walked out of school and never went back. I got a job at six dollars a week as an errand-boy at a store on Fulton Street. Then I went to work in a soap-factory for nine dollars a week. This wasn't enough money for family use, so I went into a shoe-factory and became an expert in my department.

"As a newsboy, bootblack, and errand-boy on the streets of the Lower East Side I guess I learned every bad habit a boy can have. I was a member of a tough gang that used to be up to all sorts of pranks. We called it fun.

"I knew Louis in those early days. We attended the same school and often met on the streets. But he was a different boy. He attended the Mission, and his folks used to beat him up for it. Sometimes I went to the mission with others of the gang. We went to have fun, laughing and talking and banging chairs during Sunday school, and stoning the building when we were outside just like that gang did tonight. We used to abuse Louis on the street. We called him 'the deacon' and tried to guy him into quitting the mission. But he was always kind to me. I could see that the workers at the mission respected him while I was always making trouble for them. I can't see even now why they didn't drive me out and order me to keep out on threat of getting the police after me.

"I guess their kindness won me. I owe everything to the pastor and the women missionaries, and I'll never forget what Louis and the other members of the prayer circle have done for me. They tell me that they have been praying for me seven years. And now I'm praying for some boys in that gang out there.

"As soon as I began to attend the prayer-meetings and speak for Jesus I found happiness. I cannot tell you how happy I am. I am in the shoe business for myself now. I will never return to the old, careless, sinful life. Next Sunday I will be baptized, and it will be the greatest day of my life."

Ernest had been a member of a gang of hoodlums, but came under the sweet, Christian influence of the young women missionaries at this mission and the prayer circle which they had formed. Not long ago he joined the United States Army and was sent to a Southern training-camp. As a young Italian immigrant his chances to make much of himself in the environment which the Bowery, Mulberry Street, and the Chinese community afforded had been slim indeed. He had been a leader in much of the trouble which the rough element caused the mission workers. The young women who had been sent to this unevangelized district never lost their grip through lack of faith in Christ's power to win even those who strayed farthest from his side. In spite of all kindness shown him, Ernest had seemed hopelessly opposed to Christianity. The prayer circle never took his

name from the list, however, and when he left the Bowery to train for a military career he was nearer the kingdom than his closest friends supposed. At length a letter came to Miss B., one of the missionaries. According to the light he had received he had tried to represent Christ in the barracks. He told his story without smoothing the rough spots. Some of us might have found a better way to show our loyalty to Christ, some of us may have been less successful.

There had been an argument in camp. It was about gambling and the disreputable camp-followers. Ernest did not hesitate to tell how much he admired those who lived worthily, like Miss B. and her fellow workers at the mission on Manhattan's Lower East Side. In order to gain a hearing for himself he did not speak of his former life with the tough gang. He simply argued from the standpoint of right or wrong and made a plea for the clean life. His story follows:

"Well, Miss B., these soldiers were all against me. Some didn't want to argue, so they started a game of cards. One fellow spoke up and said something that made me pretty mad. All the others started to laugh. It made me feel pretty bad to see them laugh at me for trying to tell them some of the good things you people taught me. I took it as a joke, but stuck to my saying. These boys down here are husky fellows, and to go against them is a pretty rough matter. I didn't want any trouble, so walked away to where the boys were playing cards. One of the soldiers I had just been



Teacher-training class composed of young Italians of Dietz Memorial, Brooklyn.
(Prof. Antonio Mangano in center; Rev. V. Coletta, pastor, standing at left.)

talking with said in a mean way to one of the soldiers playing, 'He'll tell his mother you are teaching him bad.' Why, Miss B., a slap in the face would have done me less harm than those words. All the soldiers laughed with tears in their eyes. I felt blue."

(Ernest had come up a long way out of every form of vice. There was nothing these soldiers could teach him. Yet he was determined to gain no favor with them by telling them of his former life. He was resolved to stand up against them as he conceived that a Christian gentleman should. The reference to his mother he resented. Yet he might have passed that by. Before he could say a loyal word in her behalf he found himself confronted by his opponent, the latter stripped for a fight, his fists doubled.)

Ernest continues:

"'We should ask permission from the sergeant first,' I said.

"They said that I was afraid, and just then, as luck would have it, the sergeant stepped up. 'Are they trying to put something over on you?' The sergeant looked at me.

"'No, there's just a little misunderstanding,' I said.

"I believe the sergeant understood what was up. He sleeps next to me, and every night he sees me read the Bible.

"Well, we were taken out on the field, the sergeant giving his consent. From the barracks to the field these are the words I said, 'God, if I am

wrong I am willing to stand for a licking, but if I am right, help me.'

"It seemed that every one was against me, and I felt blue. There was no one to back me up. 'God help me!' They told me it was to be a fight to a finish before I had a chance to say a word. Well, after taking my shirt off I just looked to God and said aloud, 'Ready!' We started. I could see no one but this soldier who fought against me. There were soldiers shouting to him how to hit me. He was a good fighter. He was all I could see. I kept myself pretty good. Darkness was all around. Did I get hit? No, it wasn't a blow, for I felt myself moving around. Then why did I see black around? I couldn't answer the question. My mind worked pretty fast. I heard soldiers shouting against me. I felt dizzy. I was discouraged. All the world seemed to be against me. I heard myself speak in my mind, 'God, did you forget me?' I was falling. Was I in a dream? No, it could not be a dream, because I felt the blows. Then all of a sudden I heard a shout. It waked me up. This is what I heard: 'Stand up to it, Ernest!' Did I hear those words or was it imagination? I heard that same voice again. Then all of a sudden we stopped fighting. I felt myself falling. One of the men picked me up. After a few minutes I looked around and saw the sergeant. I smiled at him, and he smiled back.

"I didn't know what had happened, but the sergeant told me that the other fellow fell first, and when the referee had shouted 'Stop!' I fell to the

ground. He explained about the voice. It was the sergeant himself who had shouted to me his encouragement.

"I felt sick. My nose bled, and my lip was cracked, and I was faint. They helped me to the barracks. There I saw the other fellow. I was surprised to see that I had given him such a licking. He was some sight.

"The boys felt sorry for me, and some of them shook hands with me and said that they were with me. But I wanted to shake hands with the one I fought. But he didn't want to. The sergeant told him that he was a poor loser. He told me to go to bed, and I did.

"When I awoke the next morning I had forgotten all about the trouble. The boys joked with me, and I laughed with them. My, how things had changed! Yesterday they were all against me. Today most of them are with me, but they still gamble and talk about the things they should not. I can't stop them. But they never talk wrong when I am around, as they know I don't like it.

"What I have told you from the beginning to the end is the honest truth, and I would have told you just the same if I had lost. And, Miss B., I intend to do all I can for Jesus. I love him more than ever. I am sorry that I did not work for him before, but it is never too late. You people simply *must* believe in me. I feel that God is working for me through my friends. They must keep me going and not let me stop at the most important moment. Tell all the people that I want them to

forget what they thought of me. The army is giving me a chance to show that I am trying to live a true life. I mean to work for God with all my might. When I come back they will see that I am a different 'Ernest.' Miss B., don't forget me. Tell them to pray for me at Christian Endeavor."

Setting aside for the moment the question as to whether or not a man may be truly a man and still take an insult in silence, we must thank Ernest for showing us that a fellow can enter the army and not succumb to the peculiar temptations that assail a soldier. He has pictured for us the little band of young people in the slums of New York City, praying for him and for other immigrant boys groping for higher ideals and a nobler scheme of living. The other day the interesting news came to the mission that as a result of his good record in the training camp at San Antonio, Ernest had been sent to the military school at Rockford, Illinois. Let us thank God for the beautiful lives of our young women missionaries. They are occupying difficult positions at the farthest outposts of Christian effort and achievement. Among the New Americans who are handicapped as few of us can understand, they are leading many to see at least something of Jesus' serenity in the midst of anger and hatred. In a letter to one of his friends, Ernest has written: "Louis, don't ever go back on Miss B. I only wish I could repay her for what she has done for me, but it's no use; it is beyond my power."

V

AN ANGEL OF HOMESTEAD

IN a quaint little town twenty-five miles from Budapest, Hungary, a gospel street meeting was broken up by an angry mob armed with pitchforks and threshing-flails. Women, wielding long wooden ladles which they used to turn bread baking in big ovens, joined the men and boys in the savage attacks upon the evangelists. Heinrich Meyer, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Budapest, was so brutally beaten that he fell fainting in the arms of the young men who had journeyed from Budapest with him. The missionaries carried their leader to the river with the purpose of boarding the passenger-boat bound for Budapest. But Heinrich Meyer was in such a deplorable condition that he was not allowed on the boat. His face was a mass of bruises, and his clothing, or as much of it as had not been torn from his body, was covered with blood and mud. They were obliged to wait for a freight-train before the journey to Budapest could be made with the wounded minister. As they lifted him upon the train he told his associates to remain in the village and continue the street meetings.

“Don’t be discouraged,” he begged. “This is a place where the people will be converted.”

The following week this intrepid Baptist preacher and his little band of followers again went to the village. From the housetops the men and boys stoned them. They did not retreat. A meeting was held, and the people heard the gospel. Many were converted, and now a Baptist church stands on a hill in this village, and converts from that church are in America preaching the word among the Hungarians, Croatians, Slavs, and Greiners.

One of the first converts under the preaching of Heinrich Meyer in Budapest was Amalia, a girl in her early teens. She is Hungary's twenty-seventh Baptist. In a land where religious freedom was unknown, Amalia was destined to suffer as no young convert in an enlightened home in America is called upon to suffer. Under the dark shadow of an archaic religious system, no public sentiment or home discipline prevented the brothers and sisters of Amalia from entering the Baptist chapel and pulling Amalia out of the room by her hair. Twisting their hands into her long tresses they forced her to go home with them. This was only one of the many trials experienced by Amalia to test her adherence to the Protestant faith. In time the members of Amalia's family learned that they could not destroy her love for Jesus and the truth nor break her spirit, and so they ceased their attempts to prevent her from attending the church where she first discovered Christ.

Amalia became an earnest missionary in Hungary, receiving a thorough Christian training under her pastor, Heinrich Meyer. To obtain funds to

further the cause of Christ in Hungary, Amalia determined to go to America, but under God's providence she came into contact with that saintly Baptist woman, Miss Burdette, who persuaded her to exercise her extraordinary gifts as a missionary among the Hungarians, Slovaks, Croatians, Poles, and Roumanians, and other foreign-speaking peoples of Homestead and Rankin, in the heart of the steel-mills of Pennsylvania. For over eighteen years Amalia Paliniy, as the faithful representative of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, has been doing the spiritual plowing that has resulted in a remarkable growth of the kingdom among our new Americans in the Pittsburgh steel district. The story of her life would rival in interest that of Ann of Ava. Let us hope that some day it may be told completely.

Even while working in America the influence of this woman missionary has extended to her native land thousands of miles away. One little story will illustrate the truth of this:

A Sunday school at Rankin, Pa., was organized by Amalia Paliniy and her fellow worker, Lyda Jenkins, an American. Amalia could not speak a word of English and Lyda could not speak Hungarian. But the work was carried on with sweet mutual helpfulness by them. In their house-to-house visitation Amalia spoke to the mothers in their native tongue, and Lyda spoke to the children in English. Some of their experiences were laughable and some rather pathetic on account of Amalia's inability to speak or read in English. One

day Lyda told Amalia to meet her on the corner of Butler Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, Pittsburgh, at 9:30 A. M., and, thinking she had the instructions accurately in mind, Amalia took a car early in the morning (so as to be at the appointed place in good season) and traveled eighteen miles from Pittsburgh to Wilmerding.

So anxious was Amalia to learn the English language that she used to study until two and three o'clock in the morning, when "everybody in the neighborhood had turned on their other sides for a second sleep," as Amalia humorously expressed it.

But in time the little children could be told the Bible stories by Amalia in the English language. Among the Hungarian girls who came to the mission was thirteen-year-old Cecelia.

Cecelia was converted and told her parents that she wanted to be baptized. The parents were enslaved by the superstitions of an old-country religion and refused to allow their daughter to join the Protestant church. In order to take their daughter out of the Christian atmosphere in which she had found her Saviour, the father and mother returned to Europe at once. But it happened that they chose a residence in a village near one of the churches organized by Heinrich Meyer, Amalia's first pastor.

One day Cecelia was sent to a store to buy some articles for home use when her eyes fell upon the photograph of a sweet-faced woman, which hung above the desk of the merchant. Rushing toward it, she stretched out her arms in eager delight.

“My Sunday school teacher!” she cried.

“It is Amalia Paliniy, who was converted in this country and then went to America,” explained the merchant.

“Yes, I know it is,” said Cecelia. “She taught me all about Jesus.”

“We have a Sunday school here too,” said the merchant. “We will teach you the same things Amalia Paliniy taught you in America.”

The following Sunday Cecelia attended the Baptist mission in the little Hungarian town. When her father missed her he searched everywhere and could not find her until, like the parents of the boy Jesus, he went to the church (temple of God) to find her. He wanted to call her out, but the deacons of the church requested him to sit down and wait.

The father waited. After the service he took Cecelia home to punish her, but conscious of a stirring in his heart that was different from any emotion he ever had experienced, he refrained from carrying out his purpose. Both father and mother began attending the gospel services, and all three are now happy members of this Baptist church in Hungary.

THE END

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